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Travellers in Europe

What I Have Learnt About Russia

By MRS. SIDNEY WEBB

WHY did we go to Russia? We neither spoke nor understood Russian—a serious disqualification: it was a hazardous venture for an aged couple well over seventy years of age. Well, our motive was curiosity, sheer curiosity. We had spent nearly fifty years in studying political and industrial Democracy in Great Britain; two years in journeys round the world, observing similar institutions in the U.S.A., and the British Dominions, with occasional visits to the Continent on the same mission. We were, in fact, in the position of a botanist who, having devoted his life to the flora of his own and neighbouring countries, and hearing that varieties of the same species are flourishing in the valleys of the Himalayas or in the jungles of Africa, feels impelled to go and see how exactly these new varieties differ from the plants he knows so well. We just had to go and see how the Trade Union Movement, the Consumers' Co-operative Movement, Town and County Councils, National and Federal Parliaments were behaving and developing under Russian Communism.

Can I describe in a few words the strange structure of Soviet Russia; a constitution which has never been enacted or proclaimed, but which has arisen, as it were, spontaneously; and which has been gradually extended to the remotest corners of European and Asiatic Russia and is even creeping, in some or all of its parts, over the frontiers

of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics—mark the absence of the word 'Russia'—into Mongolia and China?

It consists of four separate and distinct blocks of mass organisation in which all men and women are encouraged to participate, representing respectively man as a citizen, man as a consumer, and man as the producer of services and commodities. These four blocks of organisation are: first, the hierarchy of Soviet Democracy from the Village Soviets to the Congress of the U.S.S.R.; second, the hierarchy of the Consumers' Co-operative Movement; third, the hierarchy of the Trade Union Movement, and fourth, the half-dozen hierarchies of self-governing Associations of Producers. When I use the word 'hierarchy' I mean a series of authorities one above the other, village or city, district or province, state or federation, each one electing the one next above it. All these four distinct types of mass organisation are firmly held together in the powerful framework of the Communist Party.

Let me give, in bare outline, the distinguishing features of the four blocks of mass organisation. First comes the hierarchy of Soviet Democracy, out of which arise the organs of political government, legal, administrative and judicial, municipal, national and federal. Practically the whole of the population over eighteen years of age actually resident anywhere in the U.S.S.R., without distinction of sex, race, religion or occupation, is on the electoral roll. There are, it is true, the deprived classes, such as the relations of the Czar and his officials; priests and land-

lords, usurers and profit-makers—fast vanishing classes—who remain unenfranchised, like our lunatics and our convicts to-day, and our paupers and our women prior to 1918. But the electors—and herein lies the first distinction between Soviet democracy and parliamentary democracy—are not a mixed lot of anonymous voters putting their crosses on a ballot paper at the nearest polling booth once in four or five years. They are gatherings of workers, by hand and by brain, in particular establishments; in factories and mines, in State farms and co-operative institutions, meeting frequently to discuss political questions, to elect or to recall, to approve or to censure, their representative in the local Soviet. In the case of home-keeping mothers, or home-working craftsmen, or of individual peasant cultivators, these gatherings have, of course, to be held in some small hall conveniently near their homes. But there is yet another striking difference between the Soviet democracy and our parliamentary system. Once the village or city Soviet has been elected, all the other authorities in the hierarchy, right up to the All-Union Congress of Soviets with its Central Committee and its Cabinet, are indirectly elected, that is to say they are elected, not by popular vote, but by the representative body standing immediately below them. Finally, the constitution of the U.S.S.R., which to-day governs one-sixth part of the earth's surface, is a Federal Constitution; it is made up of some forty or more republics and autonomous districts, inhabited by one hundred or more distinct races with diverse languages and religions. All I can tell you here is that the Federal Government is supreme in foreign affairs, national defence, political police, in ways and means of communication, and, most important of all, in general economic planning. The forty or more constituent governments are self-governing in all that concerns civil order, health, education, religion, recreation, language and the publication of books and newspapers: in short, in all those aspects of life in which one race differs markedly from another.

I will pass over the second block of mass organisation—the Consumers' Co-operative Movement, with its eighty million members, and its monopoly of certain types of retail trading—because it does not differ substantially, in its constitution and activities, from our own Consumers' Co-operative Movement. It is when we come to the

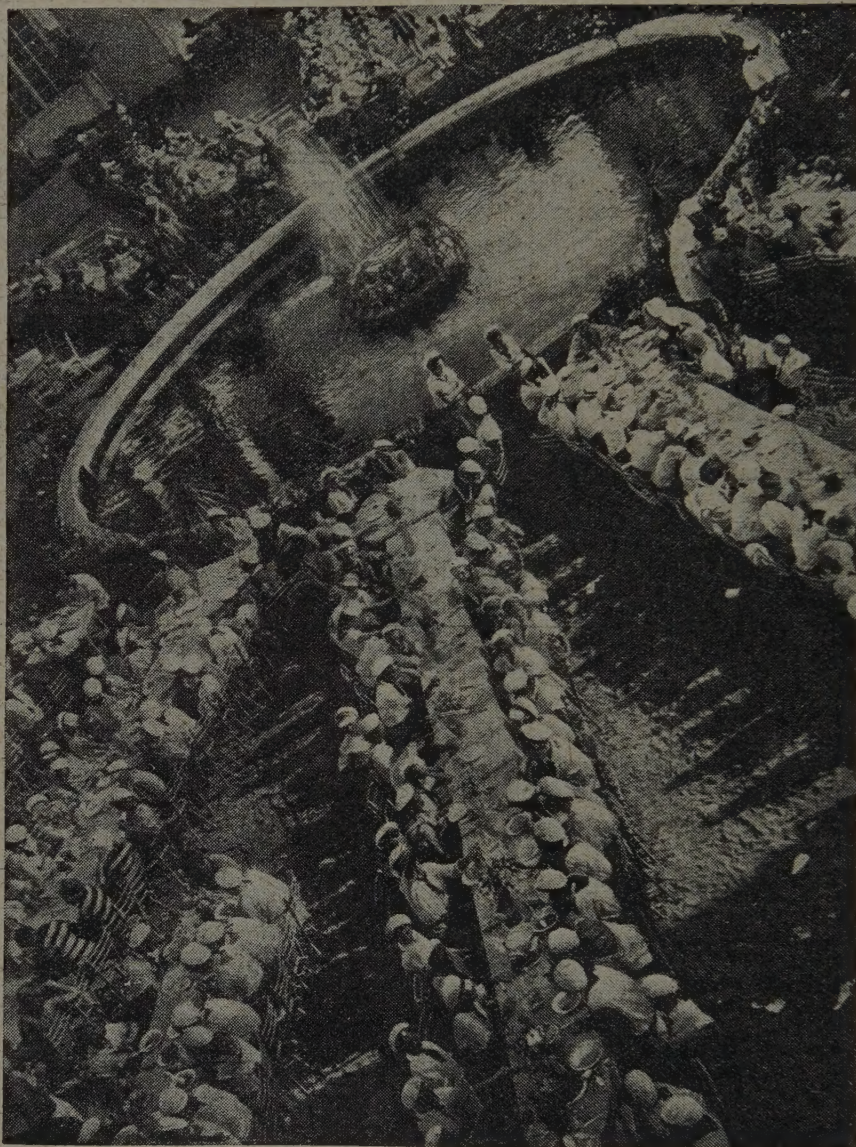
Trade Union Movement that we find differences of vital importance between Soviet Trade Unionism and the Trade Unionism of capitalist countries. There are forty-six trade unions, covering the whole of the U.S.S.R., with a membership of twelve millions; a membership which includes practically all wage-earners and salaried persons. These trade unions are organised, not according to craft or profession, but according to the establishments in which their respective members work. They are what have been termed Employment Unions. In the Stalingrad Tractor Factory, for instance, all those employed, not only the metal workers, but the director and departmental managers, the clerical staff, the medical men and

nurses, the cooks and cleaners—are members of the metal workers' Trade Union. If a metal worker, a typist, or a medical man, migrates to a State Farm he becomes, *ipso facto*, a member of the Agricultural Union.

And this brings me to methods and rates of remuneration. In all the forty-six employment unions there are eight to ten grades, each with its own wage rate, settled every year by consultation between the General Planning Department of the U.S.S.R. and the All-Union officials of the Trade Union Movement. It is well to realise that, in these consultations, the questions in dispute are entirely different from the issues raised between employers and employed in capitalist countries. The profit-maker, employer and the rentier class have been eliminated. Hence there is no question of divid-

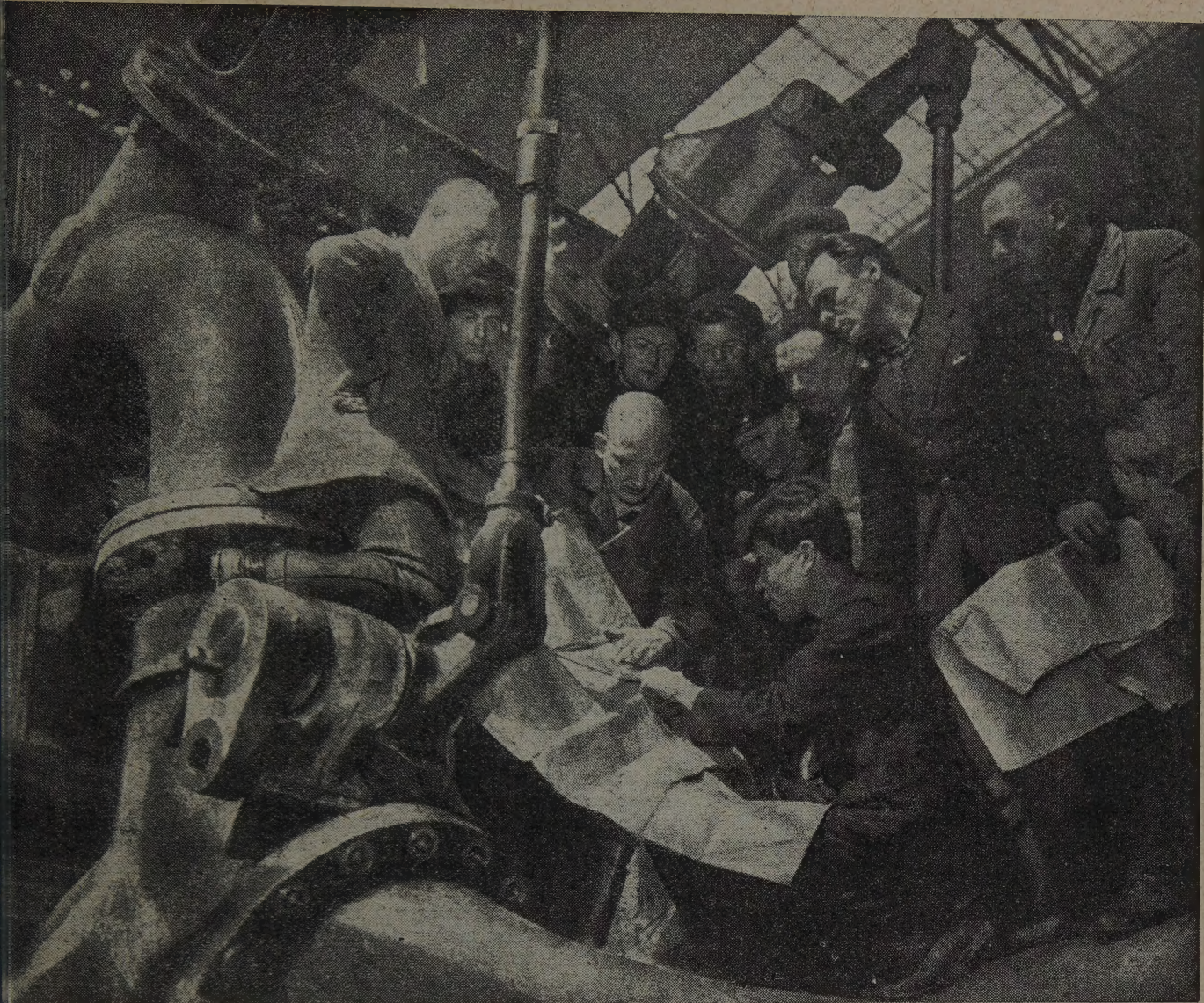
ing up the product between profit and wages; between the capitalist and the manual worker. The issues are, first how much of the total national product is to be saved—that is to say, invested in new capital equipment, and how much taken in consumable commodities for the maintenance of the 160 million inhabitants. Secondly, how much is to be allotted to social services, such as motherhood and babyhood welfare, education, health, scientific research, culture and organised recreation, and how much to direct payments to the workers by hand or by brain.

Finally, there is the way in which this deliberately planned 'Wages Fund' should be distributed. Rates of wages in the Soviet Union are not fixed according to the customary standards of crafts or professions; they are graded according to the social value of the work done, that is, according to its importance in furthering the



'Pioneers' at dinner in a Park of Culture and Rest

Photographs from 'U.S.S.R. in Construction'



In the Technical School of the Stalin Turbine Steam Boiler Factory, where workers are trained for industrial leadership

success of the General Plan. For instance, owing to wholesale electrification, the coppersmith is in great demand. Hence he is offered extra rates in order to attract young persons into this occupation. For similar reasons technological specialists, more especially those who can organise labour, have higher remuneration than less accomplished foremen. But any worker has the right to apply for transfer to a more highly paid group, so long as he is willing to have his capacities tested by being put to do the job. Then applications for transfer are made, in each factory, to a joint committee of the management and the trade union. If the decision goes against the applicant, he has the right of appeal to the Labour Department of the Province or Republic in which the enterprise is situated, and if still unsatisfied, to the Labour Department in Moscow, whose decision is final. All other matters in dispute are referred to and settled by what is called the 'Triangle', a committee of three persons, one representing the management, one the Trade Union, whilst the third is the Secretary of the Communist cell within the establishment, representing, it is held, the conscience of the community. Whether owing to this elaborate machinery for arbitration, or because the Trade Union Movement in Soviet Russia has lost its wage consciousness, mass strikes and lock-outs are unknown, no are demarcation disputes: and stoppages of work in particular establishments last only until the tribunal has given its decision. The Soviet Trade Union Movement is, in fact, first and foremost, not machinery for collective bargaining, but a huge social welfare organisation; it sees

to the safety of machinery and the ventilation of the workplace; it looks after the supply of food to the workers; it provides, in co-operation with government departments, all forms of social insurance; it builds up a network of convalescent homes for the sick; rest houses for holiday workers; clubs and institutes, technological and cultural; it distributes theatre and concert tickets among its members; railway tickets for holiday tours for workers who have excelled in productivity. Hence, though in theory membership of a trade union is not compulsory, it is impossible to be comfortable without joining the trade union. The second activity of the trade union, and one especially stressed to-day, is to diminish the cost of production and increase the productivity of labour by arranging piece-work rates and bonuses on the economical use of machinery and raw material, by organising what is called 'socialist competition' between factories, and between groups within factories; by shock brigades to shame slackers and absentees, by extra holidays or amenities, to encourage the more regular and active workers. 'With the energy of Bolsheviks and the steadfastness of Lenin, we guide the T.U. in the work of construction', we saw inscribed over the Headquarters of a Provincial Trade Council. The trade unions, Stalin told the Party Congress, are 'bringing about a radical change in people's attitude to labour, for it is converting labour from a dishonourable and heavy burden to a matter of honour, a matter of glory, a matter of brilliance and heroism'.

I wish I had time to tell you about the fourth block of

mass organisation, that of self-governing associations of producers; collective farms as distinguished from State farms, cartels of home-working artisans developing rapidly into manufacturing enterprises using power and machinery; widespread guilds of fishermen and hunters of wild game—all alike in constant communication with and under the control of the State Planning Department. All these workers are excluded from the Trade Union Movement on the ground that they are owner-producers, and they are prohibited from employing wage labour.

And now for the steel framework of the Soviet Constitution—the Communist Party. What is the Communist Party? It is not a political party in our sense; it is not composed of all those who adhere to its doctrine and approve its policy. There are hosts of ardent Communists who either do not wish to become members of the Party, or who would not be accepted. For the Communist Party is at once an exclusive and a sternly disciplined corporation; it has in fact many of the characteristics of a religious order such as the Society of Jesus or the officer corps of the Salvation Army. Once a member of the Party, you have to be orthodox in your creed; you have to obey orders; whilst the income of a Party member is limited in more ways than one. Hence members of some professions are loath to join the Party—the medical profession, for instance. One medical man, an ardent Communist but non-Party man, told me that they thought their obligations to their patients would be interfered with by the social or propagandist work demanded from Party members; another, who was himself a member of the Party, ascribed the general abstinence from Party membership to the dislike of being transferred from an appointment in Leningrad, or Moscow or some big provincial centre, to some out-of-the-way village in Siberia or Turkestan, in order to start a hospital or a medical service. On the other hand, there are many candidates who are rejected either because they fail to understand or to agree with Communist dialectic or because their past behaviour is not up to the standard of Communist ethic. Nor does the Communist Party merely reject candidates; every now and again it purges its membership, either for false doctrine or for bad behaviour. Hence the absurdity of the assertion so frequently made that because the Communist Party numbers only one-and-a-half millions with half-a-million candidates, therefore those who believe in Communism are an infinitesimal fraction of the 160 million inhabitants of the U.S.S.R.

The second question is, how does the Communist Party—an organ unknown to the Soviet Constitution, as it would be interpreted by Western jurists—manage to determine the policy of all the hierarchies which make up the structure of the U.S.S.R.? The decrees which are issued in the name of the Communist Party or by Stalin, its general secretary, on its behalf, have no legal sanction; they are not binding on any organisation, whether Soviet, Trade Union, or Co-operative; neither can they be enforced on any individual through the law courts. They are binding on members of the Party only, the sanction being expulsion from the Party. It does not matter whether the member is President of U.S.S.R. or a labourer; whether he is a Cabinet Minister or a typist; he has to obey the decisions of the Party when once these are issued by the appropriate organ of the Party. Now it so happens that members of the Party occupy all the key positions, not only in the hierarchy of Soviets, Federal and National, but in the Co-operative and Trade Union Movements, whilst they dominate the army and navy, the political police and the militia. It will continue to be so, so long as the Communist Party retains its unity, its discipline, and its disinterested service, for the Party, through the control of all forms of publicity, whether books, newspapers, the wireless, cinemas and theatres, and also all forms of education, elementary, secondary and University, and by its continuous mass propaganda, cuts out from influence any other creed or policy than its own. Even more important is its hold on the youth of the U.S.S.R.

And here I pass to the Leninist League of Communist Youth, to my mind the most promising of all Soviet institutions. This league begins in the crèche with the infants—they are called Octobrists, in memory of the Revolution—from five to ten, proceeds with the Pioneers (ten to seventeen), and culminates in the elaborately organised self-governing hierarchy of Comsomols from seventeen to twenty-five, with two-and-a-half million members, in 70,000 cells or nuclei; pledged to obey the Communist Party. And here I note a significant difference

from the Fascist organisation so eloquently described by Miss Cicely Hamilton. The Communist Party has, in the U.S.S.R., no rival claimant to the loyalty of youth, as the Fascist Party has in the Roman Catholic Church in Italy; it is itself the spiritual power; or, as its leaders prefer to call it, the conscience of the nation. The code of conduct impressed on youthful minds can be summarised in the slogan: 'Study, study, study, in the school and university, in the technical institute and the laboratory, and even when you are already earning your livelihood, so that you may better build up socialism'. For the rest, physical exercises in sunshine and wind, cold water inside and outside the body, open window when awake and asleep, games and sports practised, not merely looked at—'games are not mere play; they are a preparation for creative labour', we saw inscribed over a school playroom—are vehemently insisted on; alcohol, tobacco, betting and gambling, though not formally forbidden, are considered 'bad form' in a Comsomol, and if habitual would block the way to party membership. European dancing is taboo, it being held by the faithful that its promiscuous embraces are an unwholesome manifestation of the erotic impulse. Promiscuity, by the way, as distinguished from free divorce and remarriage, is banned by the Communist conscience; and any such behaviour in a party member has been followed by severe censure and in one or two notorious cases by expulsion from the party. 'I do not want to enquire into your private affairs', Stalin is reported to have warned an influential Commissar and member of the party, 'but if there is any more nonsense about women, you go to a place where there are no women'. The Communist discipline is, in fact, a hard-fisted puritanism in its subordination of man's appetites to his reason and moral purpose; a puritanism which may bring with it, among the baser sort, hypocrisy and a hiding up of furtive vice; and which certainly leads in some of the Comsomols to a lack of humour and a self-assertive griggishness—a condescension towards, if not contempt for, their lax and slovenly elders, which is not altogether pleasing to the bulk of their fellow-citizens of mature age. The irritating habit of opening windows in other people's homes is frequently complained of by elderly relatives. But as a method of lifting the peoples of Russia out of the dirt, disease, apathy, superstition, illiteracy, thieving and brutishness of pre-revolutionary days the self-governing democracy of Comsomols appears to be magnificently effective.

Is the much talked of General Plan of the Soviet Union a success or a failure? Even if I were competent to give you an adequate answer—which I am not—I could not give it in a few minutes. But here is a tentative but carefully drafted conclusion which will, at any rate, serve to start a discussion. I believe that Soviet Russia, if she can train in citizenship and productivity her hordes of peasants, say, up to the level of her twelve million trade unionists—a very big 'if'—has solved the economic problem. This has been done by eliminating the profit-making employer, and organising production exclusively from the standpoint of the consumption, by the whole people, of the goods and services produced by all the workers, by hand and by brain. Under this planned organisation of industry it seems to me that the effective demand of the consumers will always outreach production—as it certainly does in Russia to-day—and that the greater output due to scientific invention, and extended control over nature, will be continuously absorbed by the increased purchasing power of the able-bodied inhabitants, all of whom, under the Soviet system are either at work or in training. Thus there will be neither over-production nor under-consumption; human faculty and human desire will be automatically adjusted, in a steadily swelling flow of commodities and services, checked only by a rising demand for increased leisure and the personal freedom implied in leisure: not the leisure of the destitute unemployed or that of the idle rich, but the leisure which has been earned and carries with it full maintenance and a good conscience.

Whether this equalitarian State—or, as the Communists prefer to call it, this 'classless society'—will be a desirable place to live in, whether it will be good or bad, I offer no opinion. It is the youth of to-day who will have to make the necessary efforts and sacrifices and risk the consequences; it is for them to decide 'Whither Great Britain?' In this quest they will do well to study, alike in its failures and its success, the workaday experiment of Soviet Communism.

A list of books Mrs. Webb recommends for reading on Russia will be found on page 460.

Spain: Europe's Youngest Republic

By Dr. HENRY THOMAS

WHEN I went to Spain, early this summer, the Republic had functioned for just over a year. A constituent Parliament had met, and had given the country a new Constitution. This declared Spain to be 'a democratic republic of workers of all classes', and it guaranteed, to natives and foreigners alike, liberties which were lost during General Primo de Rivera's dictatorship.

But attached to the Constitution was a temporary measure giving constitutional force to an earlier 'Defence of the Republic Act', a formidable Spanish D.O.R.A. Anyone may be summarily fined, imprisoned or banished, a newspaper may be suspended, a society may be dissolved, for acts of aggression against the Republic, and by definition these acts range from armed revolt and unauthorised strikes to disrespectful language about the Republic and even apologies for the late régime, and the use of monarchical emblems.

Accustomed as we are in this country to restrictions only as to what and when we shall eat or drink, this law seems unduly repressive. Young institutions, like young infants, need protection, but even the republican government must have found it a regrettable necessity to put this law on the same level as the fundamental law of the country, the spirit of which it frankly contradicts. It was as though, having provided the infant republic with a nurse, they provided a policeman as well. The traditional relationship between nurse and policeman suggests that the infant republic may be neglected—that divided attention may cause original aims to be lost sight of. These preliminaries will serve as a useful warning to intending visitors to Spain. English motorists have been in difficulties through their R.A.C. badge being misunderstood. An Englishwoman was recently fined £20 for disrespectful language.

I was in Spain this year during the latter part of May and the whole of June. I went by boat to Corunna, in the north-west corner. From there I went by a devious route to Madrid and Toledo, in the centre. From Madrid I went by a devious route again to Barcelona, and so home *via* France. I went by train or bus from town to town, and saw little of the countryside at close quarters. My journey was not in search of adventures, but of books. My work took me to libraries, to cathedrals, churches and monasteries.

Bearing D.O.R.A. in mind, I was prepared to find that conditions had not changed as radically as the new Constitution promised. And superficially, things seemed to go on much the same as before. There was the same welcome which the

Spanish people accord to all well-behaved foreigners. Life to an Englishman was extraordinarily cheap. The depreciated peseta more than compensated for the depreciated pound. For full board—that is, bedroom with hot and cold running water, a continental breakfast, an excessively abundant lunch and dinner, with wine—I paid about 5s., including tips, in the best hotel in a small cathedral town. At one of the best hotels in Madrid I paid about 15s., but wine was an extra.

I landed at a large seaport, so I at once noticed the new national flag—red, yellow and purple. The entrance to tobacco shops—where one buys one's stamps in Spain—was picked out in the same colours. The stamps I bought were sometimes new ones, showing republican leaders' heads; but often old stamps, with the King's head, were served out. The coinage was quite unchanged. Most of it, of course, bears monarchical emblems. In the matter of displaying monarchical emblems, the government is lavish enough, though under D.O.R.A. it fines private citizens who follow its example. If I had been sure of a suitable reward, I would have suggested to the authorities a useful way of raising money. By fining an offender an odd amount they could have forced him to offer some coin in payment. He could then have been fined again for displaying monarchical emblems, and so on to the limit of his resources. But the government might have been just as slow as the victim to see the humour of the situation.

In all places, once famous, but now offending, street-names have been changed. In Madrid the royal palace had a forlorn look. One great

attraction for tourists is gone—the changing of the guard. The blackened walls of the burnt-out Jesuit church in Madrid's great new central thoroughfare are a reminder that the revolution, though bloodless, was accompanied by destruction of property, especially church property. In the towns priests seemed as numerous as ever. So too did the soldiers, though the number of officers has been reduced to nearer a third than a half of what it was under the Dictatorship. Force was well represented on the streets. Besides soldiers, the Civil Guard, and the usual police, there was a new body the *guardias de asalto*, an extensive and well-armed police flying squadron. They tackle sudden troubles arising from communist agitators and from strikers. Frequent strikes testify to economic unrest. I ran into three or four in six weeks, but often saw meetings which foreboded others. I saw no violence, though there have been ugly scenes, with loss of life among strikers and the Civil Guard.



Republicans setting fire to the headquarters of the monarchist sympathisers at Seville after the suppression of the recent royalist revolt

I was frequently in churches, and there I met with gloom and hints of oppression. That was quite natural, for the church has been disestablished. I was often in hotels and shops. Here things were reported as going none too well. I drew no hasty conclusions from this. I had to remember I was almost always in hotels or luxury shops depending on the tourist industry. That industry has suffered a severe setback in Spain, as in other countries. In June the shop windows in many places bore notices which suggested strained relations between Catalonia and the rest of Spain.

The observations I have set down indicate the thorniest problems which the republican government set out to tackle—the religious problem, the Catalan problem, and the agrarian problem, this last being the kernel of the economic question in an agricultural country.

As far as the Government is concerned, the religious question is settled in the Constitution. A preliminary article says, 'The Spanish State has no official religion'. All religious bodies are on an equal footing. The State aims at impartiality through abstention. When I was nearing Madrid, a provincial mayor was fined £20 for attending a religious ceremony in his official capacity. But the Constitution subjects religious bodies to strict conditions. One section dissolves religious orders which impose vows of obedience to any other authority than the State. The section was worded with an eye on the Jesuits. The Jesuits in Spain were very wealthy. They were also responsible for a good share of the country's education. They are now dispersed, and their property is nationalised.

The Government has established several thousand new schools. But these do not replace the closed Jesuit schools and colleges. People sent their children to Jesuit schools because they wanted them educated in Jesuit schools. I dined in Madrid with an aristocratic family where there were two children. 'We have nowhere now to send our children to school', they complained. And they were a representative case. Incidentally, their chauffeur was such stuff as revolutions are made of. He was an ardent republican. When the revolution came, he was to have his own car. The revolution came, but not the car. One pillar of the republic is now a broken reed.

The Jesuits were an object of especial attack by the Government, and by the revolutionaries as well. I have mentioned the burnt-out church in the centre of Madrid. There a fine library was burned. Valuable artistic property was destroyed elsewhere. A different story is told of a Jesuit establishment in a Madrid suburb, of some interest to students of mob-psychology. The revolutionary mob arrived, bent on burning this also. Responsible bystanders protested against the burning of a fine new building, which could be put to a useful purpose. The mob agreed to spare it, on condition that they could burn the furniture. It was pointed out to them that the furniture included valuable works of art. The mob retorted that they *must* burn something. Finally they were persuaded to allow the works of art to be picked out, and to burn only the rest. And the selection was made by one who had been Director of Fine Arts under the preceding régime!

'The Spanish State has no official religion'. But Spain remains religious where she was religious before. The riotous mob were not attacking religion so much as demonstrating against the Church's political power—against a privilege, a monopoly. Their acts were symbolic. They respected the clergy, not one of whom lost his life. In Málaga, when the mob burned the episcopal palace, the bishop refused to leave till forced to do

so by the flames. When he came to the door, he addressed those nearest him, 'You will respect your bishop, I suppose?' The mob, with bared heads, made a lane down which he passed to safety.

I found the clergy fearful not for themselves, but for their property. Valuable books I wished to see had often been hidden away. They spoke of oppression. But persecution is good for the Church. I noticed a revival of religious fervour, chiefly among the women, of course. What the Church has lost in direct political influence, it has probably more than made up in indirect influence. The Constitution confers the vote on women who have reached the age of reason. Southern women mature early, and the age of reason is fixed at twenty-five. The Church will find a way of influencing the ballot box through a fair proportion of the women-voters. The influence will not be favourable to the Republic. And some of their men-folk will join hands with the disappointed chauffeur.

The other two main problems, the Catalan and the agrarian, have just been settled by special laws.

The Catalans occupy the north-eastern corner of Spain. They call themselves the Irish of Spain. Politically, they were never satisfactorily absorbed in the Spanish kingdom. They

have always demanded home rule, and have been 'agin the Government'. With that their resemblance to the Irish ceases. Catalonia is the most industrially developed, and the richest part of Spain. Ireland is mainly agricultural, and poor. The Catalans are hard-headed and practical. The Irish are warm-hearted and sentimental. The Catalans speak a language of their own. The Irish try to.

Catalonia had an unfortunate experience with the Dictatorship. Hence

it helped to set up the Republic. And this time it named its price. It was able to present its own Home Rule scheme to Parliament through the Government. This has been passionately debated and discussed inside and outside Parliament, and modified as the Catalan Statute. There were many parties on both sides to be propitiated. And there was much fear for the national unity in Castile, especially as other outlying parts are demanding Home Rule. The Catalan State, debated in a passionate atmosphere, has just received sanction. Language and finance were especially delicate questions. Will the Spaniards feel that they have given away too much? Will the Catalans feel that they had received too little? Spain has made a generous gesture. Will Catalonia respond? And will Spain's oldest and most difficult political problem be settled at last? Will they become the Scotch of Spain, instead of the Irish? Catalonia may not be united, but present indications are that the Republic has a strong supporter in Catalonia.

The other great question just settled by a special law is that of agrarian reform, a vital feature in Spain's economic problem. Spain was not in the War. She made money from it. As an agricultural country, she has not suffered so severely as some from the recent business slump. But she was hit by both. The war stopped emigration from Spain to Latin-America. It forced many Spanish emigrants over there to return. Workers, especially agricultural hands, abounded, and wages descended to very low levels.

On one of my tramps a few years ago a mahogany-coloured youth dropped down from the mountain-side towards night-fall, and joined me in a six-miles' walk to the little town where I was to put up. He was a goatherd. His day began at sunrise—four o'clock in summer. We reached the town

(Continued on page 460)



The rising in Seville—works of art from the palace of the Marquis de Luca de Tena which were carried into the street by demonstrators before the building was set on fire

Outlines

By CHARLES FALKLAND

IT was extremely interesting to observe at Malvern and again in London that, when one of the characters in Mr. Shaw's play spoke of publications called 'Outlines', the audience received the word with what seemed to be a contemptuous laugh. I say 'seemed to be' with proper caution, for the origins of laughter are unsure, and this outburst may have been better humoured than its sound, but a fair possibility remains that the phase of popular taste which has encouraged publisher after publisher to embark upon adventures of this sort is drawing near its end.

There is danger in Outlines, and an educational fallacy underlies them. They present themselves to the world with a becoming air of modest simplicity. They do not pretend to be complete; indeed they urge the simple reader to investigations beyond their professed scope and prescribe his reading to him. Is not this as it should be? Is it not desirable that by summary, however crude, our appetite for knowledge be increased? Perhaps. But the humility of Outlines is generally in effect, if not in intention, a mock humility.

A few of those who read, in the present volume,* the eighteen pages in which Dr. Strauss polishes off the subject of psychology, may be led on to more extensive research, but for one so diligent there are, I am afraid, a more complacent thousand who will rest content with the scraps of knowledge so easily acquired. It is better to be ignorant and silent than ignorant and talkative. I tremble to think of the distortion of ideas and the complacent chatter that such a book as this may beget. Not that the book is bad in its kind. Many of its chapters, regarded as conscientious attempts to pour an ocean into a pint pot, are of conspicuous ability. Mr. Richard Hughes' contribution—fifty pages ostensibly designed to whet the childish appetite for 'Physics, Astronomy and Mathematics'—is a masterly piece of impudence, as clever as fifty monkeys leaping from tree to tree. 'This chapter', he says to the hypothetical audience on his knee, 'is going to carry you further still. It is going to try and really see if it is possible to "get to the bottom of things"' And the breathless child or parent is whirled away through theories of radiation, a disquisition on alpha-particles, beta-particles and gamma-rays, a few notes on Pure-Number-Ratios, a dip in the extra-galactic nebula, until at last he is invited, with the aid of amusing diagrams of a treasure island, to set about the numbering of space. 'The scientist of to-day stands counting out loud in the face of the unknown. Numbers come back to him—and he believes in the Great Mathematician'.

I am sure that Mr. Hughes enjoyed writing this article as much as I enjoyed reading it. Although he can say, in a moment of condescension to his audience, that he 'is going to try and really see', he is a genuine writer, as all his fellow-contributors are not; he has an impish humour, as all of them have not; and it must have delighted him to lead his solemner colleagues so wild a dance and to accompany it with a literary and argumentative tune that has the devastating lucidity of a nonsense verse. When his task is done, he writes, under the heading 'Books to Read', a list of volumes of which *Einstein: The Theory of Relativity* is the first. As a recommendation to boys and girls it is a pretty jest; and, as a brilliant *reductio ad absurdum* of Outlines, the essay is a prettier. The educational case against Outlines is that they attempt to make a pupil put a girdle round the earth before he has learned to crawl; a yet more serious indictment is that they may persuade him that he has done so. Mr. Hughes, by making a yet larger attempt and succeeding in it better than anyone else, has pricked the bubble for all that have ears to hear it pop. 'In the present age there is a fashion to say that "God" (whatever that means) is a mathematician. He no longer reveals Himself as an angry God in the thunders, or a benign God in the warmth of summer; but He reveals Himself as a calculating God in π and c and e and h and m and M .' Mr. Max Beerbohm himself, who combines truth with caricature more subtly than any man living, could scarcely have done better than this for the infant Samuel.

Mrs. Mitchison states the case for Outlines in her preface, and it is fair to quote her: 'Intelligent grown-up people are

very apt to know a lot about one kind of thing, but very little about all the other things; that is to say, they are experts. This is bound to make for muddles and misunderstandings. *The Outline for Boys and Girls* is an attempt to clear up these muddles, to make the people who will be running things in another twenty years aware of all the different kinds of knowledge and values'.

The defence is glib, but false. The modern world is so complex and the area of modern knowledge so extensive that specialisation is inevitable. No man can be a Bacon or a Leonardo of the twentieth century; no man can be effectively 'aware of all the different kinds of knowledge'; we have to look towards a different ideal. To pour more and more diversified knowledge into a child, in a panic of instruction, is vain. More than ever is it necessary to teach him not what to think, but how to think, and, above all, how to distinguish knowledge from wisdom. The means to this end is not an eternal pecking in the tins of potted science, but the leisurely banquet of great minds. Only by this nourishment is a child equipped to choose his specialisation, to see it in perspective, to know whether a new branch of knowledge is of value to him, and to make his soul. In this no Outline can help him. It teaches him only to grab at the universe and to dress his ignorance in the tinsel of knowledge.

But Outlines are, of course, not written for those who have my point of view, and a book is entitled to be judged, in some degree, from the point of view of those for whom it is intended. That I believe its purpose to be misdirected does not exempt me from the duty of saying that this volume is cleverly compiled and well printed. It is divided into three parts. The section on Science, after an historical introduction by Dr. Charles Singer and Dorothea Waley Singer, includes, as well as the essays already mentioned, papers on Physiology, Biology, Chemistry and the Structure of the Earth. The second part, called 'Civilization', sketches various aspects of history. Here the book's strong political bias towards the extreme Left in politics is evident in the text, the diagrams and the illustrations, but does not prevent Mr. Mitchison from writing a usefully informative article on Law and Government or detract from the interest of Mr. Hugh Gaitskell's exposition of economics without tears. The final section, headed 'Values', is a collective study of the arts considered as vital patterns. It is at once the most interesting and the least satisfying part of the book—the most interesting because, without being wearily political, it is boldly provocative; the least satisfying because, being an adventure into spiritual territory, it reveals the strange admixture of materialism and sceptical piety that is the volume's most serious defect. The general rule of this Outline is that where it states facts that do not depend for their truth on political interpretation or a humble sense of the littleness of man's capacity and the splendour of his aspiration it is lucid and well-informed. But in art it is overmuch inclined to partial didacticism or, to be brief, crankiness; in science, its emphasis is upon man's omnipotence, and not upon his limitations; and in history it has, as a manual for children, the cardinal defect of propaganda under a thin disguise. Its too frequent suggestion is that if all the world shared the party views of the writers our troubles might be speedily ended—a form of optimism which, whatever a writer's views may be, takes too little account of man's tragic inadequacy, and is certainly without historical support. Partisanship is so violent that it can lead a writer on 'The Last Thirty Years' into the contradiction implicit in the three statements that follow:

- (1) 'The Communists, it is true, are a minority in the State'.
- (2) 'The Russian people, for the first time in their history, are in charge, through the Communist Party, of their own lives.'
- (3) 'The Fascists have established a strong Government . . . just as much a tyranny as that of the Bolsheviks in Russia'.

No people, ruled by a tyrannical minority, is in charge of its own life. There is a place for muddled propaganda of this kind; a summary of knowledge is not that place. An Outline, though its contributors may not be able to preserve an ideal impartiality, ought at least to abstain from deliberately grinding an axe.

*An Outline for Boys and Girls and Their Parents. Edited by Naomi Mitchison. Illustrated by Wm. Kermode and Ista Brouncker. Gollancz. 8s. 6d.



The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.I. The articles in THE LISTENER being mainly reprints of broadcast talks, original contributions are not invited. Articles in THE LISTENER do not necessarily represent the views of the B.B.C.

Travellers in Europe

UNDETERRED by exchange restrictions, currency fluctuations and other hindrances to movement, the hardy traveller has not been prevented during the past summer from satisfying his curiosity as to what is really going on in our neighbours' lands. But by now these travellers have returned home, and since they are fewer in numbers than usual, their tales are more eagerly attended to by those who have been cut off by circumstances from enjoying the usual privilege of a continental holiday. To satisfy the desire of listeners for first-hand news about European conditions, the B.B.C. has called to the microphone six distinguished travellers who between them are in a position to report upon the six countries whose state is of most concern to the prosperity of Europe as a whole. France, Germany, Spain, Italy, Austria and Russia have now been made the subject of these reports as published in our columns: what can we learn from them?

In all such reports given by individuals, however dispassionate they may be in their outlook, some qualification, some reading between the lines on the part of the audience, is essential. It is difficult to compare the progress and prosperity of half-a-dozen different countries even within such a relatively small spacial area as Europe, because of the extraordinary diversity of the level of civilisation, and therefore of the social problems which they present. To take Mrs. Sidney Webb's account of Russia first, for instance—we receive from it a vivid impression of the elaborate new social, political and cultural framework which Communism has built up. And it is evident that the scientific planning which is involved in this experiment has struck a sympathetic chord in the minds of these two most famous pioneers of planned economy in Britain. Yet, as Mrs. Webb points out in her closing sentences, besides the plan, account must be taken of the human material to be used in the plan, as well as of the enormous leeway to be made up before Russia can reach the level of Western European civilisation. Indeed, a survey of the countries which are making progress by revolution—that is, Russia, Italy and Spain—indicates that the drastic methods employed are at least in part due to the long distance which each of them has in its own way to travel in order to stand alongside the three great democracies of Britain, France and Germany. It is of special interest to contrast the revolution in Spain with those in Italy and Russia, because the former seems akin to the revolutions of the nineteenth century, with their democratic and liberal leanings, whilst the two latter remind us strongly of our own seventeenth-century

revolution whose driving force was a well-organised minority determined to drill the community into new and more efficient ways of life. Miss Cicely Hamilton and Mrs. Webb alike insist upon the spirit of Puritanism which infuses the Communist and Fascist movements—a spirit obviously most useful when dealing with peoples whose stage of evolution has not carried them beyond the need for severe discipline and dictatorial leadership in the face of economic and political trouble. Can Spain, we ask, by the short cut she has chosen, catch up the hundred years of overdue progress which she needs, as well or better than Italy or Russia can (only that the latter has perhaps three hundred years to catch up) by their very different routes?

Yet it does not follow that any of these countries have immediate lessons to teach the three Northern democracies. The problems of Britain, France and Germany are essentially different from those of Spain, Italy and Russia. In their case there is no particular leeway in civilisation to be made up, unless it be (in certain material respects only) by comparison with the U.S.A. These countries are striving to maintain what they have already got, quite as much as to gain new ground; therefore it is but natural that having hitherto been in the van of civilisation they should advance more cautiously and slowly than others who still stand far in the rear and have much to make up. Western democracy, nevertheless, was only adopted in France and Britain during the nineteenth century because it promised to provide a social mechanism flexible enough to allow of progress without dislocation and human suffering. Were this quality of democracy to disappear, and were it to be found either that democratic institutions had become sluggish or that they encouraged disorder and more than a tolerable degree of national disunion, then the alternative of dictatorship might begin to spread from the backward to the relatively advanced countries.

Accordingly there is much truth in Dr. Delisle Burns' insistence that it is in Germany that Western Europe must seek the Gordian knot of its troubles, ready to be summarily cut or to be patiently unravelled. 'I do not feel', says Dr. Burns, 'that we can look to the more primitive peoples for guidance in making the next step in Western civilisation, but from such a people as the Germans we have much to learn. They understand civilisation and not merely mechanism; they understand the common life and not merely obeying orders. Dictatorship is the application of a ready-made gospel. Democracy is the attempt to discover a new gospel in a new situation'. Our travellers' tales make plain, at least, the urgent need that this discovery shall soon be forthcoming.

Week by Week

THE Irish Academy of Letters starts off on its career with a list of members and associates refreshingly unacademic in flavour. Conventionality, literary conservatism, suspicion of new methods and new writers, all the less pleasant connotations of 'academic'—these are hardly the distinguishing characteristics of James Joyce, Padraic Colum, Liam O'Flaherty, Sean O'Casey, Peadar O'Donnell, James Stephens or the part-author of *The Irish R.M.* And although the Academy will number some veterans of letters acknowledged far beyond their own country, like George Moore, 'A.E.', Douglas Hyde, and its founders W. B. Yeats and Bernard Shaw, its own decree that the average age of Academicians is never at any time to be above sixty will always keep the door open to rising talent. And indeed, its founders are very much alive to the dangers of such official institutions. They would probably endorse Scott's dislike of Royal Academies because 'they almost always fall into jobs and the members are seldom those who do most credit to the literature of the country'. But there is a peculiar need for some kind of organisation among Irish authors to-day

which makes this Academy almost a necessity. Ireland has a press whose interest in literature is neither particularly effective nor discerning, and a censorship rigorously exercised which may at any moment deprive an Irish author of an Irish public and thereby make it impossible for him to earn a living by distinctive Irish literature. There is therefore obviously a need for making known the best work of Irish authors, whether written in English or Gaelic, in their own country; and Mr. Yeats and his colleagues hope by banding themselves together to speak with a persuasion and authority that individually they cannot exercise. They will not be so much concerned with awarding prizes and medals and labels to Irish writers as with giving these writers an Irish public, with maintaining a high critical standard, and with acting as a centre and rallying point of educated Irish opinion.

* * *

That medicine and psychology are gradually making good their claim to share the prerogative of the law in the treatment of crime is made clear by Dr. Grace Pailthorpe's *Studies in the Psychology of Delinquency** which has just been published by the Medical Research Council. These studies record in detail the investigation of 200 cases of women delinquents either in prison or in preventive and rescue homes, analysing the causes and origins of delinquency in each case. From her examination Dr. Pailthorpe concludes that well over half of these cases (leaving mental defectives out of reckoning) show evidence of mental unbalance for which psychological treatment in one form or another is necessary. The suggestions which she makes for dealing with such offenders upon entirely new lines of classification, *i.e.*, of segregation, supervision without loss of freedom, education and psychotherapy, lead directly to the problem of reforming our present penal methods. 'The great mistake of the present penal system', writes Dr. Pailthorpe, 'is that it is neither deterrent nor reformatory'. Prison routine has gradually been softened for humanitarian reasons until it no longer acts as a deterrent. On the other hand, efforts at reform of criminals are rendered nugatory by the fact that there is no prison staff suitable for scientific reform of delinquents. Education is administered as if it were part of a system of punishment, and the placing together of girl offenders in prison is calculated only to give them 'a university training in crime'. The lines of reform which Dr. Pailthorpe recommends are the establishment of a central clearing station formed on the lines of an infectious hospital, where patients could be fully investigated physically and psychologically, and treatment allocated; and, secondly, of small laboratories where research into the value of suitable methods of psychological treatment could be worked out.

* * *

The Egypt Exploration Society is celebrating its fiftieth anniversary by a special exhibition at the British Museum, opened to the public last week. Only about 150 of the thousands of gifts which the Society has made to the Museum during its existence are shown, but there is enough to demonstrate most forcibly the tremendous value of what the Society, without the help of public funds, either from Britain or Egypt, has been able to do. The exhibits illustrate the historical, literary, social and artistic sides of its work. There is here one of the 2,000 papyri recovered by the Society which have contributed so much to our knowledge of the economic and private life of Egyptians of the classical period. Here too are models of workmen's tools and, most fascinating, of a complete bakery in painted wood. Several exhibits come from Tall-al-Amarnah where work has been going on steadily since the Society first got the concession there after the War. There is a very fine fish in multi-coloured glass, several painted pottery vases, fragments of decorated glazed ware, and some beautiful portrait heads engraved in stone. These recent acquisitions show what immense treasures Egypt still has to yield the archaeologist; and also serve to remind the interested spectator that their recovery by the Society depends on private subscriptions which the value of its work fully warrants.

* * *

Of all English daily newspapers *The Times* has become most of an institution in this country, as much a part of the national character as cricket and roast beef are commonly accounted to be. And now *The Times* is, to the outward eye, to undergo considerable change. The title on the front page is, on and after October 3, to appear in Roman type—the

first sight of which, in place of the old customary Gothic lettering, will be rather like finding one's house painted outside in new and unfamiliar colours. The inside, however, remains unchanged—that is, in size, shape and character—but new type faces specially designed for the paper will be used throughout. The proprietors very rightly feel that the old type was designed for a more leisurely generation than this, when printed matter was scarcer than it is to-day, and such as existed was read at ease and digested with care in the comparative peace of the coffee house. Now, in the twentieth century, the daily paper is read in tubes and railway trains, and scanned quickly with an eye used to appraising at a glance the contents of a printed paragraph. So the legible print of *The Times* is to be yet clearer; 'the need of common-sense print for an everyday purpose', it is announced, 'has been kept in mind' with consequent relief to our over-strained eyes: on this last point the proprietors have taken medical advice. Other attempts have been made to bring newspaper typography up to date, but no such radical revision as this has yet taken place. It is fitting that our foremost daily paper should take the lead here, and the proprietors of *The Times* are to be congratulated on their determination that journalism shall keep abreast of modern tendencies in the presentation of its wares to the public.

* * *

According to the latest reports received by the Executive Committee of the Central Council for Broadcast Adult Education, the number of wireless discussion groups that has met during the past summer has been 174—a remarkable achievement, considering that the summer is naturally the most unpropitious season for educational activity of all kinds. Yorkshire and the North-West between them account for 115 of these groups, this result being due to the special efforts made in these areas to use wireless group listening as a spread-over educational activity between the end and the beginning of the normal seasons of adult classwork by the W.E.A. and such other bodies. Another feature of the past summer's broadcast adult education work has been the success which has attended the co-operation with museums. Twenty-three museums staged special exhibits illustrating the series of talks on 'The Changing Face of Nature'. The best work was done in Yorkshire and in particular at Leeds, where a loudspeaker was installed for group-listening purposes, and lantern slides and micro-organisms were shown alongside the actual exhibits. Again, sixteen art galleries provided displays in connection with the series entitled 'Artists at Work'. As regards the coming autumn session, it is hoped that several museums will be able to arrange displays to illustrate Professor Ashmole's Sunday afternoon talks on Classical Art. The British Museum, in particular, will co-operate by allowing Professor Ashmole to make a selection from their post cards, and by making up special sets of these cards which can be supplied to other museums and to the public; the sets will also be on sale by the B.B.C. These talks, which promise to be of unusual interest, are also to be illustrated by an eight-page supplement of photogravure pictures of sculpture, pottery, coins and other classical works of art which we shall publish with our issue of October 12.

* * *

The film societies which have sprung up in recent years in London and several of the main provincial towns, and which have done such good work in making it possible for intelligent people to see films of artistic value, have, during the last few weeks, formed themselves into a federation under the leadership of the London Film Society. Except for those who have actually tried their hands at organising and running film societies, few people realise the difficulties with which these excellent societies have had to contend, both on the legal, commercial and political sides. Neither the public regulations which govern the showing of films, nor the system of film censorship, nor the existing method of distributing films, have grown up with any thought for the needs of these societies. They have found that they need help from a London headquarters, and the new federation will enable them the better to voice any representations which they wish to make to the Home Office, to Parliament or to the film trade. It should also enable the film society movement, as a whole, to play an effective part in co-operating with the National Film Institute when this comes into being. The latter body should be able to give invaluable help both in classifying and certifying films, and in arranging for their distribution to the provincial societies.

This Surprising World

By GERALD HEARD

PERHAPS there is no problem in the whole sky about which science as a whole, and our ordinary selves, would like to have more information than about Mars. Here is the one place in the sky where problems of biology are actually added to problems of physics and chemistry. For Mars is the one spot where we can at all hopefully look for life. Yet when we look—what do we see? I remember my disappointment when, after studying the large and definite drawings made by great astronomers of the map of Mars, I saw actual photographs of the disk. Instead of a hemisphere with large well-marked areas, and those intriguing canals neatly joining them up, one saw a little fuzzy disk with a lighter patch at each end. Of course, this is no proof that the astronomers have been romancing with their pictures. It is tolerably certain they did and do see something very much more like what they have drawn than what any photograph taken with the strongest telescope will show. The trouble is that the image of the planet is never steady in the telescope. It flashes out quite clear for a moment and then becomes a haze. This is partly due to the continual heat-shimmer of the air, which, of course, the telescope magnifies, and partly due to changes in the telescope itself, the expansion and contraction of this huge piece of metal and the tremors in its foundation, and these vibrations are also magnified. If it were possible just to expose the photographic plate the moment the planet swam clear and then cover it when it 'spun like a fretful midge', then we might get a print as good as the drawings—and, of course, much better evidence. But now there comes news of a new sort of telescope, the Ritchey Chrétien telescope, which has apparatus fitted that makes it possible to do this better than has been possible before. Even in the older styles of telescopes the astronomer is no passive spectator, lying like a flat-fish gazing up through the water. And with the new instrument he will chase the planet almost as energetically as an entomologist chases a butterfly. The focus shifts, and with a touch of the keys he brings his prey again clearly into view. Indeed his hands will be so fully occupied with this job that when it comes to covering and uncovering the plate as the planet flashes clear or becomes fogged, he will have to do this with his mouth. He is as occupied as one of those street musicians one used to see playing half a dozen instruments.

Disappearing Island Universes

But the instrument itself is more wonderful than its gadgets. This telescope is being made with such an original lens that the actual image of planet or star will be much truer and clearer than has ever been possible with the largest telescope before. In fact, the monster telescopes must tend in some ways to magnify their own faults and so the larger they get the harder it is to make them perfectly accurate and lucid. The Ritchey Chrétien telescope will be able, because of its lens, to be a smaller instrument, and because of that it will set up fewer errors, errors which must take place in instruments that now have grown to be larger and weightier than siege guns.

And yet with all these instrumental advances and improvements, can we know much more about the outer universe, with its fabulous distances—distances which at every fresh report seem to be growing ever vaster, until we are now faced with the news that the Nebulae, the outer island universes, which surround the Milky Way in which we live, may actually be running away from us far faster than we can learn how to magnify them?

I think it would look as though the astronomer was playing a losing game and that his goal, to get a picture of the universe, must be an illusion, if it were not that at the same time that we get ever fresh news of the size of the universe we are also getting new information about how the universe is tied together in ways we never suspected possible.

Sun-Spots and Comets

The latest news of this is the connection that seems at last to be established between sun-spots and comets. Many years ago, just as a joke, one astronomer in a letter to another, who was a noted searcher for comets, comforted the searcher, who was complaining that he had lately drawn blank, by saying that there were at the time so few sun-spots and so how could he expect to find comets then? The remark was meant hardly more seriously than if you should say, 'Because the Bank Rate is so low you can hardly expect fine weather'. But the comet-hunter took the joke seriously and after the return of large sun-spots he did find a comet. Yet for years this was only treated as a coincidence. Now, however, proof seems to have accumulated and it is hard to reject the connection between the spots and comets. What seems to be the explanation of this queer connection is that when the sun gets spotted it is shooting out

immense magnetic discharges, and these, like blasts of air on embers, make comets, which have become too faint for us to see, again to glow visibly. Certainly Halley's great comet changed its appearance during a great magnetic storm and another comet split in two after another such storm.

Still, such connections, surprising as they are, are yet very far from demonstrating the old astrological beliefs held by all the ancient world, that the stars directly and intimately affect our lives. They may yet be proved to be far more influential than we think, but up to date astronomy is and remains a science which has little practical results to show the ordinary man. It widens the mind undoubtedly, but as Hegel said of philosophy: 'It will bake no man's bread'.

Turning Locusts into Soap

So to keep the balance between pure and applied science, between useful knowledge and knowing for the love of it, I must now deal with finds on the earth and finds which are adding to our power over it. There can be no science unless our livelihood is safe. Early man, when his crops were a prey to plagues, could never accumulate sufficient stores to sit back and begin to think out abstract problems. And even to-day our supplies are not nearly as safe as we take for granted. True, we have immensely increased them, but we have also immensely increased the mouths which they have to fill—so much so that we have to draw more and more on the fecund tropics for our supplies. And an increase in our dependence on tropical food stuffs means that we are more and more affected by those gigantic tropical pests that sweep away the food supplies of the South. A little time ago I mentioned the efforts which are therefore being made (our own Empire Marketing Board taking an active part) to get a united front against the locust among those nations to whom Africa is becoming their vegetable garden. It is hard work. The locust pays no attention to frontiers. One of his main breeding stations is in French territory in West Central Africa, and thence he spreads east to devastate right across the continent. So if he is to be tackled the effort must be international. But for so many of us our foresight ends with our frontiers. Governments do not like to pay for work which may benefit human beings who are not their subjects—their subjects also object. Who then is to pay? Well, there is a new way of tackling pests which I mentioned when talking of a new oil industry which uses as its raw material that sea-pest, the shark. In this way the work of extermination may begin to pay its way. And now there is hope that this method may be used to provide funds to attack the locust. A new method has been found whereby the locust can be turned into oil and the oil into soap. So the growing demand for private cleanliness may help to clear up an international mess. Of course, putting a price on the locust's head won't abolish the plague. To do that you must tackle the insect in its breeding grounds and not simply harvest the swarms as they drift across Africa. But for the moment, and until Governments decide to act with international foresight, this new method of making the locust a commodity may do something towards the palliation of a plague, though the only true cure for it is prevention.

About new ways of preventing pests there is an interesting item of news. Gas attack, from which our civilisation has more to fear than from any other assault, is being used ingeniously to protect the vines in part of the South of France. A mixture of chlorhydrin dropped on chalk makes hydrochloric acid, and this, when the air becomes damp, forms a dense fog. It is a very acid fog but it does not seem to damage the plants while it proves fatal to many of their pests. And what is more, while the vines are undergoing their vapour bath, to rid them of their parasites, they are protected by the artificial fog from the frost. So the gas knocks out two enemies with one discharge. Perhaps this is the beginning of a new technique in gardening, and the gardener instead of sallying out at night to catch slugs on the tender growths and then to cover them up from the frost, will simply pour out his libation of acid on the ground, and leaving the garden tucked up safely under its white sheet of artificial fog, turn in without a care to his own bed.

During September and October Messrs. Heal and Son are holding in their Mansard Gallery, at 196 Tottenham Court Road, an Exhibition of 'Modern Tendencies in 1932.' This special display includes inexpensive furniture of simple design and sound craftsmanship for two houses or flats, furnished complete for £195 and £350 respectively, also contains many other pieces in fine modern woods and in chromium-plated steel, grouped with the appropriate carpets, fabrics, pottery, glass, light-fittings, pictures, etc.



Keyston

Atlantic Flyer

*The Way of the World**Nearing the Crossroads*

By VERNON BARTLETT

SPEAKING from Geneva, I am inevitably led to discuss disarmament. I say inevitably because it is the only thing that people out here have been talking about since the Bureau of the Disarmament Conference, the board of directors, as it were, met again last week to prepare the way, so that the Second Session of the Conference will begin a long way ahead of the point where the First Session finished last July.

Apparently there is still a good deal of quiet political discussion which will take place before we really get down to business. The German decision not to take part in the further work of the Conference while the question of their right to military equality remains unsettled seems to have pushed the bigger problem temporarily into the background. The British and French Governments have now both expressed their views on this German demand, and it seems as though the next few weeks are certainly going to be the most critical since the War.

This may sound as though I were helping to spread 'the area of deep depression' now hanging over Geneva. I am not, because I happen to be quite unusually optimistic—at any rate, when compared with other people who dabble in international politics. I will come to the reasons for my optimism in a moment. Let me deal first with the gloomier aspect.

On the one hand, there must be millions and millions of people who feel that, unless we *can* cut down—and by 'we' I mean all the nations of the world—the amount we spend on armaments we shall drift into another war, either between classes or between nations, or both.

I have reminded you until you must be sick of it that the last war followed on the most rapid development of armaments in history; so that a renewed race in armaments would, presumably, lead to a renewed war between nations. And, furthermore, despite the London Naval Conference of 1930 and the present Disarmament Conference, it is, I suppose, no exaggeration to say that a new armaments race has already begun, because, although prices have fallen so drastically, almost every Government of the world is either increasing the amount it spends on armaments or keeping that amount at very nearly the old level—which means, of course, that it is much more heavily armed than it was when prices were higher. And as this expenditure in some cases comes to more than half a nation's Budget, it is not difficult to see how easily it might also lead to war between classes. So that, as I say, millions of people do feel that, unless we can reach agreement for a general and drastic reduction in armaments, we shall have fought the last war completely in vain.

As against the people who argue that there must be a reduction of armaments, there is plenty of evidence of a new movement to increase them. Apart from the German demand, which may come into that category, Mr. Stimson, the American Secretary of State, has recently hinted that if other Governments who signed the Nine-Power Treaty at Washington in 1922 do not see that it is respected by Japan in Manchuria, the United States will consider other agreements signed at the same time to limit naval armaments have also gone by the board—whatever that may mean. Then again, on the very day when the German Government declared they could attend no further Disarmament Sessions, at any rate for the time being, we had the news that the same Government had decided to begin the building of a new pocket battleship. Of course, they have every right to build that battleship if they want to, because it would only be the third of the six vessels of 10,000 tons which were allowed to them by the Versailles Treaty, and, furthermore, provision for it was made in Dr. Brüning's budget. But it is an indication of the way in which the wind is blowing. So, too, is the suggestion that, if the Disarmament Conference fails, Italy will leave the League.

There can only be two methods of carrying on foreign policy. Either you try to serve the interests of your country by taking into account as much as possible the interests of other countries, in the hope of avoiding unnecessary friction—and in that case this League machinery here in Geneva, with its various rules of behaviour and its Conferences and so on, is extremely useful—or you decide that you will go your own way and that they must go theirs, and you hope that if those ways meet you will be powerful enough to negotiate the crossroads without getting yourself smashed up. That second policy must sooner or later end in disaster. So that if Italy did leave the League—I do not believe she will—but if she did, where she has hitherto pressed for a much larger measure of disarmament than any other Power which was on the winning side in the last war, she would inevitably take a leading part in this new, or rather renewed and hopeless attempt of every country to be stronger than its neighbour.

So much for gloom. And now for the reasons why I still believe that Germany may have served the world well by

showing her impatience because other nations, thirteen years after the signing of the Versailles Treaty, have done so little to bridge the gulf between the armaments of the ex-victors and those of the ex-vanquished. The German case has so much logic about it that it has the moderate opinion of every country on its side if the Germans behave with moderation. Clearly either Germany has not the military force she needs for her security or the other nations have more than they need for theirs. While there is that gap there can be no peace in Europe.

There is a good deal of argument between the different Foreign Offices as to whether Germany should still be tied by the Disarmament Clauses of the Versailles Treaty if there is no general disarmament. But I am quite convinced that law is never, or should never, be so important as equity and logic. One of our main troubles to-day is that we have far too many laws, domestic and international, which lag a long way behind public opinion, and, therefore, are not respected. Legally or illegally, treaty or no treaty, there will be no peace in Europe while the ex-vanquished countries are kept on a different footing from the ex-victors. But it is when we try to abolish that difference that we find our own sincerity put to a very unpleasant and severe test. For if we say to Germany 'All right. Fire ahead. Build new tanks, new battleships, new bombers, new guns, because although we did abolish those weapons in your case as being a danger to peace we don't want to abolish them in our own'—if we talk like that I am sure we shall be guilty of the most abominable treachery to the men who were killed in the belief that the last war was going to end war.

Fortunately, both the British and the French replies have strongly disputed the German claim to build up, and they have used as the argument that it is still much too early for them to say that the Disarmament Conference has failed. The British Memorandum on Armaments has caused a great deal of anger in Germany, but principally—perhaps almost entirely—among those Germans who are not sincere in declaring that they want disarmament of other nations rather than the re-armament of their own. But it does contain only rather vague promises. The test of our own sincerity will come when we have to say how far we will disarm to take the logic out of the German claim. The countries represented in the Bureau here are likely to work very much harder to make it a success than they would have done if Germany had not brought them so uncomfortably face to face with facts; and for that reason I am optimistic.

Of course, it will be a great pity, and perhaps a great danger, if the German Government persist in their refusal to take part in the discussions, at any rate, for the time being, but that ought not to ruin the Conference, because the Germans are already disarmed, or, at any rate, as nearly disarmed as they will ever be until the other Great Powers have caught them up. Whether a German sits in the Conference Room or not, no other delegate will be able to forget that the skeleton of German militarism in the cupboard will come to life again unless they to put it bluntly, get a move on.

I do not think we need take the new Presidential Decree for physical training of German youth too seriously, because, after all, the French have got conscription, which makes every man a soldier, and even we have our own Cadet Corps and so on, which is considered abroad as being a very militarist organisation. But we cannot exaggerate the seriousness of the support German militarists would receive from almost all classes of German society if the Disarmament Conference were allowed to fail.

One last point. I do not believe that France is nearly so reluctant to reduce her armaments as people in England often believe. The French see the logic of the German claim all right, and if they, remembering how unpleasant it is to have enemy troops occupying their soil, want much more definite assurances of immediate help in trouble than we want to give them, that does not necessarily mean that all the fault is on their side. I think many Frenchmen are beginning to realise that world opinion will never support them very energetically if they complain that the Versailles Treaty is not being carried out, but that it would be much more likely to do so if they made the same complaint about a Disarmament Convention signed by everybody and affecting everybody.

As Mr. Henderson said last week, we are nearing the crossroads at which the fatal decision must be taken for peace and disarmament or for a renewal of mad competition in armaments and ultimate war. I am certain that there is no representative of any Government here who would lightly assume the responsibility which is ours. That is why I still hold to the belief expressed two months ago that this second phase of the Conference which we are now beginning should effect a great gathering in of concrete results.



A Peloponnesian Village—'On some piece of rising ground in such a valley, there would be a stone fortress or acropolis, with a town clustered round it and contained within an outer line of walls'

Our Debt to the Past—I

Politics in Ancient Greece

By Professor F. M. CORNFORD

The general aim of 'Our Debt to the Past' is to show the relevance of the past to our present problems. Professor Cornford—who holds the Chair of Ancient Philosophy at Cambridge—opens the series with three talks on the politics, the literature and the philosophy of Ancient Greece

I CANNOT begin this talk without saying a word about Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson, who was to have opened this series. No English scholar has done more to interpret the spirit of Greece to our generation, not only by what he wrote, but still more by what he was. All his many writings about modern political problems and troubles show how his wisdom was nourished by Plato and the other political thinkers of Greece. No one was so well fitted to convey their meaning to us. I hope you will listen indulgently to a substitute who is a novice in broadcasting, and who cannot speak with either the wisdom or the charm of Lowes Dickinson in whom many who never saw him must have recognised a gentle and courteous friend.

The Small Scale of Ancient Greece

When he died, Lowes Dickinson had already drawn up the syllabus of these talks, which has been published. I want to begin by taking up his suggestion that, from the point of view of political structure, Greece might be thought of as a miniature counterpart of modern Europe.

First, a word about the difference of scale. The Greeks had a story that the Sky-god, Zeus, wanted to find the exact centre of the earth's surface. So he set two eagles to fly at the same speed from the eastern and western ends of the earth. The eagles met at Delphi; and there, in the temple of Apollo, men set up an egg-shaped block of marble with two golden eagles beside it. It was called the *Omphalos*, the Navel, because it marked the middle of the earth. The stone is still there; the French dug it up not long ago. It no longer marks the centre of the earth, but it stands pretty near the centre of the Greek peninsula; and that was, for some centuries, the centre of western civilisation.

Delphi lies in a wild and magnificent gorge on the side of Mount Parnassus. From the top of Parnassus, 8,000 feet high, you can see on a clear day, to the north, Mount Olympus, where Ancient Greece ended. Southward, you see the mountains of Arcadia. If these mountains were not in the way, you would see most of the southern half of the peninsula (the Peloponnese) and the hills sheltering Sparta in the extreme south. So small a country was the mainland of Ancient Greece that a circle with Parnassus as centre and a radius of 150 miles holds it all comfortably. Beyond that circle, Greater Greece included, eastwards, the islands of the Ægean Sea and the Greek colonies on the coast of Asia Minor, and westwards, other colonies in Sicily and Lower Italy.

To go back to the mainland—nearly all of it is a tangle of mountain chains, cutting up the country into valleys with small plains where the peasants could grow corn and olives. On some piece of rising ground in such a valley, there would be a stone fortress or acropolis, with a town clustered round it and contained within an outer line of walls. This fortified town, with its belt of agricultural land bounded by the barren mountain sides, was a city-state. The whole population would amount to a few thousands. Politically, Greece consisted of a large number of such city-states, mostly separated from one another by the network of mountain chains. To connect them, there were very few roads good enough for any traffic except foot-passengers and mules. You will get something comparable if you think of the moors of Lancashire and the West Riding, and imagine that (say) Preston, Manchester, Huddersfield, Leeds and Keighley is each an independent state, jealous of all the others and ready at any moment to go to war with them. I am not a north-countryman, and that picture may be nearer the truth than I know.

Analogy with Modern Europe

Such was the political structure of ancient Greece. Lowes Dickinson suggests that we should think of it as like modern Europe on a miniature scale. In both cases you have a number of states which are close neighbours and share a common civilisation. Each of these states claims to be a sovereign state, independent of the rest, not combined in any sort of federation with a central government like the United States of America. And in both cases these states, throughout their history, have considered it natural and normal that they should be fighting one another, singly or in groups.

From that point of view, ancient Greece was faced by a problem which faces us now, since the Great War. Can a civilisation survive, when it is split into a number of cities or nations, each of which claims to be absolute master in its own house, and free to fight the others for its own supposed advantage or supremacy? How we are going to answer that question is not yet clear. But one thing that makes the study of ancient history interesting is that there the story is finished. We can read it to the end, and see what happened to the Græco-Roman civilisation, which made various attempts to solve the problem and failed. The Roman Empire was the last attempt to establish a universal peace over the greater part of the world as then known. It is a matter of some practical concern to us to find out why the Roman Empire broke down and dissolved in the chaos of the Dark Ages. But that is a question which will come up later in this series of talks. My business is to consider the problem in its earliest stages, as it confronted those tiny city-states of Greece.

Relevance of Ancient Thought to Modern Conditions

And here it seems at first sight as if the difference of scale would make their vision of the problem too remote from ours. The whole populations of Athens and Sparta were smaller than those of Leeds and Manchester to-day. Our problem is world-wide. A League of Nations, as we conceive it, extends from China to Peru. Can there be anything of value for us to learn from the Athenian political thinkers—Thucydides the historian, and the philosophers Plato and Aristotle?

If you take the whole range of what we call political questions, it is certainly true that their problems were different from ours. We owe to the Greeks a great many terms we still use—words like 'aristocracy', 'democracy', 'oligarchy'. Others, like 'dictatorship', 'empire', 'federation', 'colonial', we owe to the Romans. The Greeks invented political terms, because they were the first people to discover that there was such a thing as politics in the proper sense. Politics means the administration of the affairs of a whole community in the interests of that community. There were no politics in an Oriental despotism, where the whole of public life was regulated by the command of an autocrat. The Greek states could have a political life shared by every citizen, and political thought because they had the necessary measure of freedom.

But we must not be misled by the terms they invented and used. A word like 'democracy', for instance, meant at Athens something very different from what it means to us. The Athenian democracy was really a slave-owning aristocracy. The proletariat were the slaves, who were not citizens or members of the state. The democracy consisted of the citizens (including the peasants) who owned the slaves. They were the 'people'—the *demos*. Democracy meant that the whole *demos* governed itself, and was not ruled by a minority. All common affairs and interests came up for discussion in an assembly composed of all the adult male citizens. They were self-governing in a very full sense, electing and holding responsible all their officials, and competent to decide all public questions by a free vote of the assembly itself. Every citizen had the duty which now falls on Members of Parliament—the duty of expressing by his vote a considered opinion on all great public issues. The proletariat—the slaves—were not represented. Their interests were outside the sphere of politics. A slave-owning society is not troubled by the industrial problems that bulk so large in modern politics. These differences between ancient and modern democracy illustrate the point that, in reading the ancient political writers, we must bear in mind that the Greek terms we still use had different meanings then. Also their domestic problems were unlike ours, and their discussions of them will not help us much in our own practical difficulties. All that must be allowed for.

On the other hand, their international problem—union or disunion, permanent warfare or permanent peace—was not altogether unlike ours. To go back to the question of scale—the smallness of the ancient city-state as compared with the

modern national State—there is less in that difference than there seems to be at first sight. That is because of the enormous increase in speed of communication. This has mostly happened in the last hundred years, since railways were invented. I can myself remember the invention of the safety bicycle, the motor-car, the aeroplane, and wireless telegraphy. It is a commonplace that these inventions have drawn the world together into a space that is, for practical purposes, immeasurably smaller than it was in the eighteenth century or at any earlier time. It took the famous runner, Pheidippides, two days to cover the 140 miles from Athens to Sparta, with the message that the Persian invaders were landing at Marathon. Now the body of the world has shrunk together so that the declaration of War in 1914 could be known in Australia in a few seconds. The mere fact that we can read in to-day's paper what happened yesterday in Manchuria brings home to us that what happens in Manchuria matters to us. Probably Manchuria feels as near to us as the Black Sea felt to an Athenian. If the Black Sea was about at the limit of his horizon, our horizon has ceased to have any limits at all. So it is not absurd to think of the collection of European national states to-day as comparable with the much smaller collection of Greek city-states. The alternative of competition and warfare or peace and co-operation between modern nations is not out of all proportion to the corresponding alternative in Greece. In this field there is a great deal to be learnt from Thucydides and Plato and Aristotle.

Human Nature in Greek Political Writings

There is one way, too, in which the small scale of Greek city life is a positive advantage. If you look at a landscape through the wrong end of a telescope, you see much less detail, but the main features stand out more clearly. So it was in ancient life. Their problems looked much less intricate and complex. If you think of the tangle we are in now—the tangle of war debts, reparations, disarmament, monetary standards, tariffs, and so on—it seems quite likely that no human intellect is capable of seeing a way out that is feasible and will not land us in a worse mess. No ancient statesman or political thinker ever had to cope with such complexities. And just because they were not distracted by such a turmoil of considerations, they were able to see more clearly what lies behind all political problems, however complex—namely, human nature, with its typical motives and desires, sometimes generous and sometimes base, but much the same then as now.

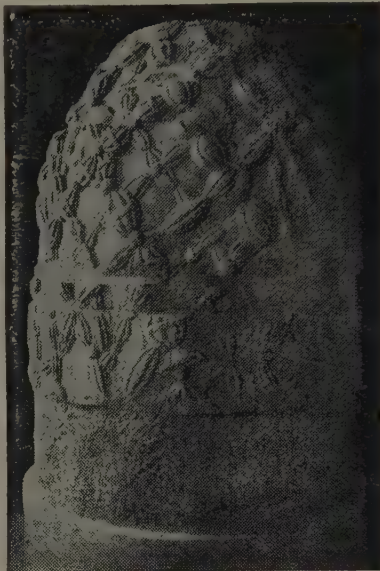
This human, psychological, aspect of politics was for them much nearer the surface, less obscured and overlaid by all the machinery of organisation that is apt to hide it from us. In a city-state every citizen knew all the politicians who directed affairs. He constantly heard them in the Assembly, and could form a pretty clear notion of their characters and of the motives prompting their policy. The questions he had to consider were simple questions. There was no science of political economy with its abstract discussions and statistics, which only an expert can interpret. There was no bureaucracy, like our Civil Service with its highly trained specialists in public administration. Nearly all public positions at Athens were filled by the simple method of casting lots. The theory was that any one citizen was as capable as another of holding any office, except the most responsible. And public life was in fact so simple that the system of election by tossing up worked well enough in normal times.

That being so, when you read the great political writers like Thucydides and Plato, you find them constantly thinking in terms of human character and motive. They realise that politics is, after all, only an expression of human nature. In modern days, this fact had become so much obscured that it had to be rediscovered by writers like Graham Wallas in his book *Human Nature in Politics*. Human nature is the universal and constant element in politics. Because Thucydides, Plato, and Aristotle are always dwelling on this universal element, their history and analysis of Greek political life has kept its value.

Fourth Century Greece and Post-War Europe

Finally, there is a special reason why Thucydides and Plato should appeal particularly to our generation. There is a curiously close parallel between the situation of Athens in their lifetimes and our situation at this moment.

If we look back a little more than one hundred years, we see the Emperor Napoleon trying to dominate all Europe, and being defeated by a coalition of Powers led by England and Germany. When Plato looked back over the same interval of time, he saw the Persian Emperor trying to add all Greece to his dominions,



The Omphalos at Delphi, which the Greeks erected to mark 'the centre of the earth'

W. F. Mansell



Treasury of the Athenians' on the Sacred way at Delphi.



Delphi—The Castalian Spring



Delphi—Foundations of the Temple of Apollo



Theatre at Delphi



Ruins of Delphi under the shadow of Mount Parnassus



The oldest Temple at Delphi—The Temple of Hera

and being defeated by a coalition led by Athens and Sparta. In both cases, the one force capable of uniting the separate states was the threat of conquest by a foreign enemy. When the danger was over, they fell apart again. And in both cases the victory over foreign despotism was followed by an age of prosperity and imperial expansion—the age of Pericles at Athens, and the Victorian age in England. But towards the end of this period, Athens and Sparta were drifting into dangerous antagonism. Athens, a sea-power, was at the head of a naval confederacy, originally framed for defence against Persia. Sparta, the military land-power, was jealous of Athens' commercial prosperity and of her ambitions to become the supreme power in Greece. The league of land-states under Sparta came to be ranged against the naval confederacy under Athens. There is something here that reminds us of the drifting apart of England and Germany at the beginning of this century.

In Greece, as in our day, this fatal breach of unity led to a great war—a war of the kind that demoralises both sides and ends in a victory hard to distinguish from defeat. The moral life of ancient Greece was shattered by the Peloponnesian War as the moral life of Europe was shattered by the War of 1914. Thucydides, who had fought in the War, wrote the history of it, with an eye throughout to the faults in human nature and in political institutions that had led to the disaster. There are many passages in his analysis that come home very poignantly to men who lived through our War. The Peloponnesian War was going on all through Plato's youth and early manhood. Plato's books were written in the post-war period, corresponding to our own time. Throughout his long life, he was occupied with the question, how the moral life of the Greek city could be restored on a better foundation.

In the same way our generation is becoming more and more conscious that we cannot go back to the world as it was before the War. We must somehow remodel the framework of society. Above all, we cannot afford to let the nations go on cutting one

another's throats, either literally, or by treating international trade as a form of warfare. The institutions Plato proposes in his ideal commonwealth will not fit our modern needs. Plato wanted to restore the city-state; we have got, sooner or later, to establish a world-state. The political machinery required is much more than a European federation, and more than the final outcome in ancient times, the Roman Empire.

But, putting aside the questions of machinery and organisation, Plato is always going back to the universal and constant requirements of human nature. And it is useful to us, bewildered as we are by complexities of machinery and organisation, to be reminded that such things are only an external framework. The final end of all political action is not to secure more trade for one country than another by tinkering with tariffs; nor is it any of the thousand and one expedients for reforming this or that piece of organisation. Plato and Aristotle never allow us to forget that what matters is, not the organisation, but the life that has to move and breathe within the organisation. Hence they treat Ethics as the first and most important part of Politics.

And before Ethics comes Psychology. They begin by studying human nature—how the soul or mind works, how character, good or bad, is formed, what passions and motives shape the course of life. Then comes Ethics—what life ought to be; which, among all the aims men live for, are really valuable ends worth living for; how men of different types can make the best of their powers and be happy; and what happiness means. It is only when all these questions have been considered that they come to Politics—the problems of social organisation, which we are apt to put in the first place. The advantage of proceeding in their way is that, when you do come to these problems of organisation, you come to them with a clear notion of the best that could be made of human life, and a clear consciousness that the spiritual, rather than the material, well-being of men and women is the standard by which all political contrivances and policies are to be judged.

How the Mind Works—I

Self and the Outside World

The first of six talks on child psychology and behaviour, which the Hon. Medical Director of the East London Child Guidance Clinic is contributing to this new series on 'How the Mind Works'

IF you were to have asked a psychologist eighty years ago the simple question 'How does the mind work?' he would have told you about the mind of the adult, of the working of the senses such as hearing and seeing, and of the way in which people think. He would certainly have had little to say about the manner in which the mind has grown from its vague beginnings in the babe to the mental operations of a man of science. Yet all of you who are parents or have anything to do with the young are frequently bewildered by the behaviour of children. Though we have all been children ourselves, strangely enough we are rarely able to understand what children mean by their play and by their behaviour in relation to ourselves. All the world over, child welfare centres have sprung up to help mothers towards an understanding of the physical needs of the child. Doctors advise about the feeding of children and will attribute the causes of ill-temper to physical ill-health. They might say that the mother's milk is defective or that the times of feeding and sleeping are irregular and perhaps that baby's clothes are too tight and constrict his breathing or other physical activities. All these enquiries and explanations are wise and helpful. Physical well-being and the satisfaction of simple bodily needs do indeed make for mental happiness. The farther back in life we go the more intimately are physical and mental activities tied up with one another. Amongst the comparatively few recollections of childhood which we retain, a number are bound up with physical discomforts and food fads. I know of many people who will say that a day's work is spoilt if breakfast contained a type of food which they have loathed since childhood. I know of a man who actually developed a neurosis or nervous disorder whenever he saw the skin on the surface of boiled milk. He discovered, when laboriously looking backwards, that a certain nurse whom he disliked for other reasons had insisted that he should eat the skin on the milk because it was nutritious and good for him. On the purely mental side, some people are rendered disagreeable for hours if they have met someone who is reminiscent of a person they have disliked in childhood, or if they have witnessed a sight or visited a place which vaguely conjures up a disagreeable memory of something lived through and which they have tried to forget. A little girl was afraid to go to sleep at night because the shadow cast by the end of a curtain pole formed the profile of a man with a dark beard who had frightened her in infancy. Obviously, influences in our early years must deeply impress us not only physically but mentally. How many of us realise the emotional disturbances in the life of a child, how a thwarted

desire may have altered our feelings towards the person who has frustrated us and twisted our outlook? It is a long time since many of us were children. Thousands of new interests and new obligations have entered into our lives to cover up as with a mist those early years. A whole tangle of emotions have helped to cover up the original feelings we had as babes and children. There must surely be some method of reaching a knowledge and an understanding of those early years. Although a scientific approach to the study of children has only recently been made, mankind has always been wondering about the origin of children and their likes and dislikes.

Animal Behaviour

Uncivilised folk have many weird ideas about the origin of children. Some have the very vaguest ideas of parenthood and regard children as having something to do with ancestral ghosts visiting the earth again. Some believe that the child is nearer the animals and the birds than we adults are, that they understand the language of the beasts, the whispering of the wind and the crackling of the fire. Only with the development of language does the child forget all these things. To-day we do not accept these fairy-tale beliefs, though we still hanker after the strange world of the fairy tales of our childhood. But we are learning more and more about the uniformity of nature and our own likeness to the world of living things remotely related to us. Despite the large gap in intelligence which separates the babe from a bright chimpanzee, there are common actions which bring them very close together. If a chimpanzee is placed in an enclosure with a couple of sticks that can fit into one another and a bunch of fruit hanging beyond his reach, he will ultimately put the sticks together and reach for the fruit. A child of three will go about the same business in the same way. Very young babies show the same interest in the outside world which is displayed by dogs and cats. Like the animal who is fascinated by a moving object, the babe too will be interested in moving things rather than in objects that are stationary. Take, for example, the crawling and climbing movements of babies just about to walk. These activities have been closely studied and there are certain movements of this kind which can only be regarded as throwbacks to animal behaviour. There are some children who alarm their parents by actually retaining for some time after walking the habit of creeping on all fours. There is no more cause for alarm in such a return to animal behaviour than there is when a child is able to grasp a pencil between his toes in monkey-like fashion. Some time ago I had to see a little

boy who was backward in mental development. He was six years old, with the mentality of a child under three. Everything he touched was torn with hands and teeth. He seized my hand only to bite it; he gnawed the edge of my desk; he busied himself with anything in the room that could be moved and turned aside from anything which he could not move. He mouthed everything. He was so lively and active that his mother thought he was really bright. Her affection for him seemed to have been enhanced by the fact that he behaved like a little animal. Another boy, George, is eight years old, quite intelligent, very affectionate, but emotionally most uncontrolled. He has a voracious appetite, but after a hearty meal of food he settles on the floor, rolls up and falls asleep like a dog on the hearthrug.

Don't you think these forms of behaviour are like those of animals? Is not there a family likeness at least in the behaviour of children and animals? Observe your child and how many times a day do you not witness gestures and interests which are exactly like those of animals as regards their form and motive?

The child, like the animal, displays the fundamental law of life—the struggle to live—by seeking for food and gaining simple satisfaction. You might say, does the baby struggle to live, is not the mother doing all that for him? Certainly not, the mother merely directs the struggle, putting in the way of the child the necessary materials, warmth and protection. The child is born with a complex machine which very soon after birth enables it to carry out the simple movements of sucking and grasping, crying out with pain or when its movements are limited.

Importance of the Glands

The child then, we see, has inherited certain powers from its ancestors and a body, particularly a nervous system, which enables it to exercise these powers. These powers, or instincts as they are called, are at least on the frontiers of our borderline of the mental life. They are powers which are also tied up with the expression of the emotions. The glands of the body about which we have learnt so much of recent years are responsible not only for the growth of the body, but for the expression of the emotions, and for the speed and eagerness with which simple instincts are carried out. Children who are born with glands which do not properly work will have peculiarities, not only in emotional expression but in intelligence too. The child with a poor thyroid gland will be misshapen, apathetic and unintelligent. There are other glands which, if disturbed in their structure, will produce extraordinary precocity in the child. Does not this raise the interesting problem of the inheritance of mental qualities? If bodily peculiarities are inherited, if our instincts and emotions are the product of certain structures, and if these in their turn influence behaviour, can we not conclude that the mentality of people owes its form to some inherited peculiarity? You have all heard stories of mental qualities in grandparents that have appeared in grandchildren. We have striking examples of the inheritance of musical ability and mathematical ability. You have heard stories of foundlings and adopted children who have been carefully nurtured but who betray, as they grow up, the mental qualities which suggest a lowly or vagabond origin. Psychologists have for a long time concerned themselves with the way in which mental deficiency is inherited and how notorious families have been literally riddled with mentally defectives and with criminals—but I must add that on these bad family trees not a few distinguished men have also been found.

Human Personality is a Whole

Whilst the recognition of physical peculiarities is comparatively easy in determining inheritance, the detection of inherited mental qualities is not nearly so simple. Perhaps when parents notice this or that mental quality in the child it is largely an anticipation of a wish. It is difficult to weigh up the relative importance of heredity and environment as factors making up the child's mind. Broadly speaking, the distinguishing features of heredity as against environment are that the latter is more subject to control than is the former. When once the child is born, we can attribute many of the changes that it undergoes to the effects of nurture, but it might be pleaded that some inherited quality comes to maturity in the course of time in the same way

as the caterpillar becomes the butterfly. I have many children under my care whose family histories have been closely investigated. Some with insane parents are intelligent and without apparent disorders of conduct. Others with satisfactory family trees are dull or suffer from nervous disorders. In the investigation of problem-children, we always take care to study the mental peculiarities of parents and forbears. We also make a careful investigation of the social conditions of the family and environment in which the child is brought up, and it is by no means an easy task to decide whether a child has inherited its peculiarities or whether they are the products of early years of stress and emotional conflicts arising between parents and children, and the children amongst themselves. What we can say in observing children in relation to their parents and ancestors is that temperamental peculiarities are inherited and that these are the soil upon which future behaviour is based. A little boy aged ten possesses a quiet and reserved disposition. He is slow in the take-up but on mental tests proves himself to possess a superior intelligence. He is prudent, persistent, but lacks mobility, that is to say, he is somewhat inactive and slow in coming forward. But he is very timorous; he will not sleep alone; he hides his light under a bushel in the class. He needs constant encouragement to bring out his capacities. He is afraid that his mother may not be always there to comfort and protect. Now his father temperamentally is very much like the son. He is quiet reserved and

slow, but sure in his intellectual output. He is a steady man who has retained his job for many years but has never shown any signs of nervous disorder; nor did he as a child exhibit any of the nervous symptoms that his boy betrays. The family story, however, shows that the boy's life has been insecure and that this insecurity has been intimately bound up with the mother's precarious health. At any time it was feared she might be taken away. I would conclude from this example that both nature and nurture have created this boy's problem; that the disadvantages of inheritance of a type of temperament have been carried over into life, which has not been kind. It looks as if we have been thinking wrongly in making so sharp a distinction between inheritance and environment, between what comes from within and what comes from without. Life is a continuous process in the race and the distinction between its individual members is an artificial one. Influences from without are closing in upon the mother when the child is arriving, and when the little one comes, we must merely consider that a branch of the family tree has started on a new angle, that the stock has assumed a new direction owing to the mixture of parental germs and that a beginning has not really been made but only a fresh start with a new set of influences.

Mind, as we know it ourselves, is a very late arrival in the history of living things, but it seems to have done so much in building up human culture, our religious, social and artistic institutions, that we feel it ought to be carried over with its acquired qualities through inheritance. The babe does not remain like an animal for long, speechless and without dexterity. If it does, then parents feel there is something seriously wrong with the child. When a babe does not lift its head off the pillow by the fourth month, or cannot sit up by the ninth month, or is delayed in talking, say, till its fifth year, or fails to use its hands dexterously in tying a bow, or putting pegs in a piece of wood, we know from child study that, however much it may progress in later years, it never makes up the pace for normal development. If speech and dexterity are such essential parts of our heritage—and no one would say that the child is taught to speak and is made dexterous in the absence of a nervous system which makes these possible, even admitting that these gifts are dependent upon a physical or material organ, the brain—then why not more complex mental activities such as the gift of mathematics, of music, and drawing? External and internal or inborn influences are together at work in the development of the child. Inheritance and environment cannot be too sharply marked off from one another, nor can physical and mental characteristics be separated. Human personality is a whole, one and indivisible. What we call 'mind' is the fine and subtle adjustment to changing needs and we see this at work as the child develops. The coarse and massive activities which



An Intelligence Test at the East London Child Guidance Clinic

Photograph: F. H. Samuel

we inherit in our instincts are subject to fine adjustments when we meet changes in our surroundings.

Development of the Human Child

I am now going to turn from this topic to consider again the simple needs of the newborn child in order to illustrate the first glimmerings of intelligent behaviour and the germs of its future emotional behaviour. The needs of man and animal are at bottom the same. Many creatures when born enter the outer world sufficiently well equipped to carry on in some degree an independent life. I need not belabour you with the commonly observed facts which illustrate the rapidity with which lower animals embark upon their life of hunting for food and struggling to live. How much more dependent is the human child at birth and during the tender months that follow! The babe gropes awkwardly for the maternal breast; it has but the vaguest sense of direction and has only a rudimentary idea of its own limbs and of their position in space. Many a little child already walking knocks its head on the corner of a table and is as likely to rub the uninjured part as it is to comfort the part which actually received the blow. It needs the mother's help in feeding and it actually must be cared for to prevent it from dying under the stress of external conditions which the young of lower animals are soon able to face. But yet it is born with simple instincts which help it in the first efforts at self-preservation. It very soon automatically draws the mother's milk, although even that simple act must be coaxed into activity. It possesses the greatest of all instincts—the instinct of sleep—which brings perfect rest and opportunity for recuperation and growth, an instinct which in the babe comes into operation as soon as hunger is satisfied.

As the babe develops, new features of the instinct of self-preservation make their appearance. Children show striking differences in this rate of development and mothers look for the appearance of indications of normal development. All children do not put on weight at the same rate. Some are slow in displaying a knowing interest in their surroundings and in recognising mother or nurse. This power of recognising familiar persons, of sensing regularities in feeding and sleeping, is a very important point in development; it is the first step in education. Little girls notoriously develop in some respects more rapidly than do little boys. I have a case under my care of twins, a boy and a girl. The little girl has developed intellectually much more rapidly than the boy, and her emotional control was established at an earlier date. This has given rise to a behaviour problem. The little boy who has been more favoured by his mother has resented his little sister who has repeatedly stolen a march upon him and has raced him up the school ladder. He responds by retaining many baby ways in order to win the maternal interest which he fears might pass over to his brighter sister.

We must not forget that when a child grows it does not merely become a bigger and better baby. It actually changes and becomes a new kind of human being. The clinging and altogether helpless suckling becomes the hungry and aggressive little creature with teeth. The hands that first groped vaguely for the source of warmth and sustenance now grasps objects and puts them into his mouth. The outside world is taken hold of and claimed as additions to the self. Self and the outside world are, to begin with, indistinguishable the one from the other. There is at first a world which is all 'me' mixed up with simple appetites and discomforts. Then the child vaguely senses that these happenings are not always taking place. Bits of this world come and go. They do not always come when need calls for them. Warmth may be suddenly withdrawn when most enjoyed. The breast is taken away when appetite is not completely satisfied. A cry from inside 'me' may bring them back. For the first time the child must vaguely realise that there is a something not itself which obstinately opposes it or ignores it, but the cry, a magic gift, brings it back again and it cries again. In this magical world which comes and goes at one's beck and call, the babe is the monarch of all it surveys, or at least feels itself so. It is surprising how much more frequently the child's cry is a cry of distress than a cry of satisfaction. Laughter and pleasure expressed vocally are a much later development. It would be interesting for you to consider this fact in the light of your own experience with children. You would learn much about the simple psychology of babies and perhaps something about the origin of laughter.

Feeling is the Child's Intelligence

Interwoven in this vague world of appetite and feeling the mother plays an essential part. She is the immediate environment of the child—his warmth, his sustenance and his satisfaction. It is she who modifies the simple interests of the child, giving time and place to them. Mother, foster-mother and nurse are therefore the first educative forces because they regulate the coming and passing of satisfactions; they create the first simple pattern of future behaviour which is based upon nutrition and the appetites and feelings with which it is connected. The mother times the baby's feeding and sleeping, she conditions

his pleasures and his pain. When the child begins to appreciate the difference between itself and the outside world, the figure of the mother occupies the most prominent place in the child's mind because she is bound up with his first immediate desires. Physical needs and activities are tied up with her and the first intelligent understanding embodied in words and the handling of things is largely a measure of her direction. Mothers may not make the intelligence of their babes, but they certainly direct it and give it whatever emotional colouring it originally possesses. In exploring the mother's body, it receives the first intimation of shape and place and position. In learning the intervals between meal and meal, it gets the first intimation of the passage of time in relation to changing events which ultimately connects with the outside world. And in all these happenings the growth of its knowledge is coloured by feeling. We are prone to draw too hard and fast a line between intelligence and feeling. To the babe and child there is no such distinction. When a child intelligently grasps an object or manipulates a toy, we witness the passionate interest it takes. When absorbed in beating a rattle or pulling at a piece of string, we are intrigued with its absorption in the object. We enjoy its little rage or pleasure. Its activities, in short, are highly coloured by feelings which are bound up with its instincts.

When a child, for example, is not absorbed in its feeding, it is probably a sickly child, or one who has already reasons for disliking its food. Every effort should be made to free a child from all forms of distraction when essential activities are being carried out. The processes of nature are very urgent ones and must be fulfilled without let or hindrance. They can, and should be, trained from the earliest days to take place at regular times. But this training should be carried out without compulsion and with the minimum of fussiness and concern on the part of the parent. All distraction involves the creation of conflicting interests, and conflicting interests arouse disturbing emotions which interfere with the simple yet essential operations in the life of a child. Any undue concern on the part of the parent creates in the child's mind an over-valuation of certain bodily happenings, or if a bodily happening is held up in any way, disturbing emotions are aroused which are stored up in memory and affect the subsequent behaviour. Mothers who make too much of the act of eating, or make a ritual of the opening of the bowels, for example, are creating disturbances in the emotions and not infrequently laying the foundations of disturbed physical health also. Mothers who feed their children erratically, or at irregular intervals, who handle their babes in washing and so forth in a clumsy manner are arousing disturbing emotions in the child which handicap its growth. For example, a child who is taught in an unemotional manner to eat in a clean way and at regular intervals will not be the child with food fads. But if the child is made to take meals in the midst of his play, when he is enjoying the pleasures of spontaneous activity, he will be inclined to have dyspeptic ill health whenever, on some future occasion, his spontaneous activities are disturbed or frustrated. We frequently find that the food fad may be switched off on to the person who has been instrumental in creating it. If a nurse has been responsible for this, all subsequent nurses will be disliked. One adult patient refused to go to a nursing home when it was absolutely necessary for him to do so, because he said he hated nurses fussing about with his food. He, too, in childhood had reason for disliking anything in the shape of a nurse.

The Importance of Natural Rhythm

All living things are governed by rhythms and harmonies. The beating of the heart, the rate of our breathing, the alternation of sleeping and waking are obvious examples of life's tendency to regularity. The larger movements of the body are always the alternation between contraction of one group of muscles and relaxation of others. Interruption of this leads to deadlock in movement. The maternal technique resides in the mother's power of aiding nature in these carefully timed arrangements, and in so ordering the spontaneous life of the child that natural rhythms are not upset. Disturb them and nature revolts, and the child revolts not only mentally, but physically. If the babe has a stomach-ache and refuses to sleep, in the absence of such illnesses as call for medical assistance, the mother herself is to blame. However inadvertently, she has upset the rhythm of the child's life and has aroused the first expression of resentment and revolt. A great deal of re-education will be necessary to correct these initial mistakes. The mother is the first influence in producing and encouraging regularities as the first educator in the life of the child. The father at a later date plays his part in this vital work as we will see. It is in these first years of training that mistakes are made, and many future peculiarities of behaviour are due to them. Above all the emotions which the mother displays in educating the child may be disturbing factors in the child's emotional life also. Emotional stresses created by parents produce emotional peculiarities which colour not only the life of isolated children, but of the whole of the community, and I venture to suggest that many of our social irregularities and social problems are created by mothers who do not know how to handle their children, who are to become the future citizens.



The Tower of London—drawing by Hollar (1607-1677)

Illustrations from originals in the British Museum

Weekly Notes on Art

The Face of England in the Seventeenth Century

The Etchings of Wenceslaus Hollar

By A. M. HIND

Professor Hind is the author of *Wenceslaus Hollar and his Views of London and Windsor in the Seventeenth Century*, which contains practically the whole of Hollar's illustrations of London. Although the book is out of print, it should be obtainable from libraries

ENGLAND is indebted above all to two foreign artists for preserving her native beauties in the time of Charles I—to Van Dyck for the charm of her fine ladies, and to Wenceslaus Hollar for the face of her unspoilt country and Gothic towns. Van Dyck was from the first the favourite of fortune and a man of fashion in English society, but he died when scarce out of his youth, before the outbreak of the Civil Wars. Hollar, a native of Prague, born in 1607, some eight years later than Van Dyck, and a close contemporary of Rembrandt, came to England at the end of 1636, and devoting almost of his life thenceforward to the English scene, survived seven years of the Restoration. With other artists, Sir Peter Paul Rubens, William Faithorne and Robert Peake, Hollar served as a royalist in the defence of Basing House, was taken prisoner but made his escape to Antwerp. Here he lived between 1644 and 1652, but even away from England he continued to etch on copper his London subjects, done for the most part from his own earlier drawings.

How few know his name to whom Van Dyck's is so familiar! To his contemporaries he was a most modest and industrious worker, one of that middle class of skilled craftsmen to whom so much is owed, to whom so little recognition is given. His output was prodigious, not far short of three thousand etchings on copper. Of drawings there are also many in existence, some done for their own sake, but most perhaps intended as studies for the etching which was always the centre of his activity. He did piece-work for publishers and printsellers at a shilling an hour; and he was as honest as he was industrious, for we are told that when visitors disturbed his work he laid the hour-glass on one side till they were gone. Yet he was not unfavoured by the great. It was the Earl of Arundel, on a mission to Vienna in 1636, who found Hollar at Cologne, attached him as artist to his suite, and brought him back to England, giving him quarters in Arundel House, possibly behind that studio window shown in the delightful etching of 1646. Soon after Hollar was appointed teacher of drawing in the Royal Household, no doubt to the young princes. His etching of old Richmond Palace, done in

1638, shows a barge with the Feathers, so that the group in the foreground probably includes the Prince of Wales. And later, after the troubles of the Civil Wars, of whose beginnings Hollar has left us some interesting little historical prints, he regained some position at Court, that of King's 'Scenographer, or designer of Prospects', but it was too late to help him to fortune.

With never ceasing work, sometimes on things of beauty, at others on the purest utilities, maps and plans done so well that his slightest script has character and charm, he continued a humdrum existence, broken by one adventure, his part in the unfortunate expedition to Tangier in 1668-1669, and ended what George Vertue calls his 'painful and laborious' life, respected, but indigent. Certainly respected, for the cross against his name in the burial registers of St. Margaret's, Westminster, implies that he was buried by a bishop, and this though he died with the bailiffs in his house—but none could fail to respect the misfortunes of this 'very honest, simple well-meaning man' of John Evelyn's description.

A great deal of Hollar's topographical work had to do with the making of maps and plans, and the popularity of bird's-eye views at this period gave the artist real opportunity of combining utility with artistry. He etched various plates showing the devastation caused by the Great Fire of London, and one of these, John Leake's 'Exact Surveigh of the Streets Contained within the Ruins of the City of London' (1669) is as remarkable for the beauty of its bird's-eye, as for the exactness of its plan. Moreover, he adorns the plan with a view of the City as it appeared from Southwark in the Fire. He followed the same principle in his many plans

of provincial towns, and frequently also in his maps. On a map of Kent done in 1669 there are two views, one of Dover Castle and Harbour and another of Rye, the latter being based, as the inscription tells, on a drawing by Van Dyck. Van Dyck's actual pen drawing is now preserved in the Pierpont Morgan Library, New York. Van Dyck's landscape drawings are as beautiful as they are little known, certain examples in body-colour (of which the British Museum has two) being the true harbingers of Gainsborough. For the most



A London Citizen's Wife—etching by Hollar

part Hollar used his own designs, and probably did so by choice, but he was always at the beck and call of publishers, and was no doubt as ready, and certainly as able, to reproduce whatever was put before him. The 'Tower of London', in the British Museum, is a good example of his delicate drawing in pen and light water-colour, a subject which he also rendered in modified form in an etching. In fact he etched most of the chief buildings and aspects of London, the most remarkable achievement being the 'Long Bird's-eye View of London from Bankside', on six plates, each measuring over 18 by 15 inches. Though etched at Antwerp in 1647, it was no doubt done from studies made before his flight, for his honest practice would certainly have made the acknowledgment if he had used drawings by another artist. Thus the two drawings of Arundel House, of which one is reproduced, are inscribed as after drawings by Adam Bierling. Among the most attractive little plates of London are those six views in the neighbourhood of the Old Waterhouse (Hugh Myddelton's New River Head) at Clerkenwell. Three of these views show a distant view of the city with St. Paul's and Bow Church, with the line where the open fields began about the level of the Priory of St. John of Jerusalem. This Priory, of which the gate is the only relic above ground, is one of the numerous buildings no longer in existence of which Hollar has preserved us a picture. And what delicacy of etching and beauty

and in the beautiful patterns of their masts, sails, and rigging. Of great interest is the long etching, 'The English Fleet off Sandwich' in 1640, while his plates of 'Dutch Ships' are attractive in design and full of beautiful detail.

The architecture of England is represented with charming



Rye—etching by Hollar after a drawing by Van Dyck

precision in hundreds of his plates, and with a presumed truth to detail that renders them of inestimable value to the historian and antiquary. I say presumed, for all such detail in topographers (as well as historians) of his period may be tinged with the picturesque. But the presumption of truth is higher in Hollar's case than in most of his contemporaries.

Meanwhile, he did not forget the countryside, and there are some dozens of little views, chiefly in the counties of Surrey, Kent, Sussex and Hampshire, which reflect its unspoiled beauty. His position in the Earl of Arundel's household inevitably led him to picture 'Arundel Castle and Town', and the Earl's smaller county-seat of Albury, and its neighbourhood. The 'View near Albury', reproduced, is as happy as any, and probably represents the Earl and Countess and their family in the figures taking a walk. The unaffected delineation of English country seen in the Albury series is of the same character as Van Dyck's pen drawings, and both artists are the heralds of the truest vein in English landscape art.

And where to see these entrancing, little prints? Happily the British Museum possesses one of the finest collections of his works, and the Print Room is by no means difficult of access to the amateur. The nucleus of this series probably descended direct from Hollar himself, for Hollar's widow sold a large book of his works to Sir Hans Sloane.

Some of the etchings are rare, but, even so, they only realize prices consonant with the artist's moderate fame. But it is a comfort to the collector of small means that many of his prints are common enough, and can often be had for shillings rather than pounds. And these little works are



At Albury, Surrey—etching by Hollar

of perspective is seen in these two little views of the Thames, looking downstream towards old London Bridge, one from the roof of old Arundel House, the other from Milford Stairs (a jetty for river boats just below Arundel House) the latter showing the two 'Eel Ships', the token of the rights of Dutch fishermen to sell eels in Billingsgate (whose successors were moored below London Bridge even during the recent war).

Hollar gives another aspect of the city in the days of Charles I in his charming series of female costume figures. There were no pendant series of male costume, so we might have suspected the modest Hollar of a care for feminine beauty, even if Aubrey had not told us that he married the Countess of Arundel's waiting-woman, by whom he had a daughter, one of the greatest beauties he had seen. Two little etchings are thought to represent his wife, and she no doubt figured more than once in the little 'Roundels of Female Costume' and in the two series of the 'Seasons', represented in female figures.

The most entrancing of the latter is the 'Winter', with the full-length domino, in hood, fur cloak and muff, with a view of Cornhill and Gresham's Exchange in the background. Hollar is said to have been helped by his wife in his etchings of 'Muffs'; she certainly must have helped him in the accuracy of his female costume. There has seldom been more delicate etching than that displayed by Hollar in his various series of still-life, muffs, shells, cups, butterflies and the like, and I like to think that even Rembrandt may have been inspired to emulate the industrious little master in his own etching of a shell.

Hollar's delicate needle revelled in the delineation of ships



Court-yard of Arundel House—etching by Hollar

things of genuine beauty as well as fine craftsmanship, a combination which ensures permanent enjoyment to their possessors.

In *New Tales for Old* (Elkin Mathews, 3s. 6d.) Miss Geraldine Elliot, who was one of the first Children's Hour 'aunts', has collected a number of stories of the African Jungle, based on genuine African traditional legends, but slightly re-dressed to suit European children's tastes.

Design in Industry—III

The Manufacturer's Handicaps

By M. L. ANDERSON

IF somebody offered you a fountain pen got up to look like a goose-quill you would think him ridiculous, and tell him not to be silly—and you would be right, because that pen would not only be a nuisance to use, but it would be more expensive and out of date in idea. Just look at your own pen for a moment; doesn't it strike you as being a pleasant thing, looking frankly like a fountain pen and nothing else; just observe the shape, how it thins away to the nib to give you an easier grip, the click in the middle to hold more ink, and how the other end tapers, to take the cap. And that decoration all the way up—that is not just for fun, it is to stop the pen slipping in your hand. Do

making chair-legs, and nothing else; each man became almost a machine producing the very best, and that in the largest possible quantity. So why should we to-day persist in the silly idea that the machine-made and mass-produced is bad?

The fact of the matter is that all our trouble to-day, as Mr. Gloag told you, goes back a hundred years. And it looks like being infernally difficult to improve matters, unless you will lend a hand; if you will do that there can be no doubt whatever of the result, and there is no doubt that you, personally, will benefit, as well as this country's trade.

What we have to do is to begin to use machinery and mass-production in their proper ways. We have to get away from the century-old idea that all it is necessary to do is to copy old forms; we must get out of our heads that when 'something new' is wanted in the way of appearance, it is simply a question of putting on a bit of so-called 'decoration', or altering what is there already. The idea still persists that the word 'design' means 'putting on decoration', or something of that sort; whereas actually what it really means is knowing how much of it to take away. Mr. Gloag put it very well when he said that in the matter of decoration the true designer 'always knows where to begin and when to stop'. Sometimes he never needs to use any embellishment at all, because the object which he is designing is perfectly, absolutely and beautifully efficient without it. I do not want you to think that I believe that a thing is beautiful just because it does its work well, though quite a number of people do go as far as that; I say that it does not do its work really perfectly unless it is beautiful—that is, unless its appearance gives us some sort of pleasure.

This probably seems to be exactly what the two previous speakers have said. It is, more or less; but I am anxious that you

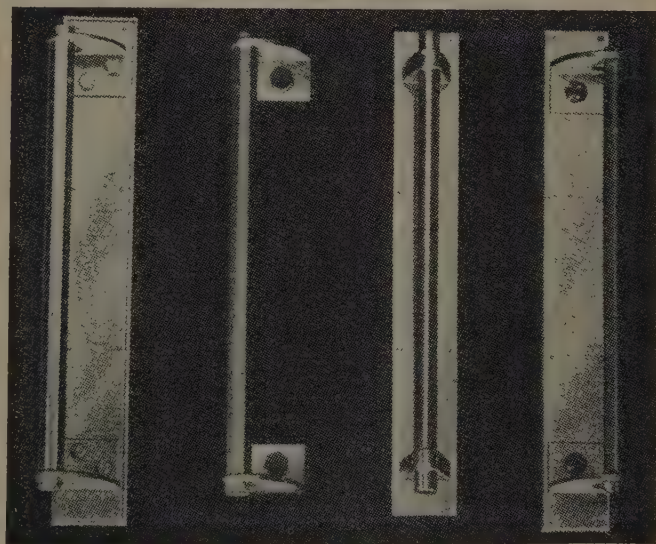


Design in everyday articles—Compare these grip-handles, which come from a catalogue of several years ago—

you think the pen would be better or worse if it were spiral, say, like a Jacobean table-leg? And would the modern streamline car please you as well as it does if it had 'decoration' on it; the doors, for example, with bunches of fruit embossed in the metal or fabric, or made to imitate a wooden door with panels and mouldings? Even the idea of having the paintwork 'grained' to look like oak or mahogany or to imitate wicker covering, is rather silly when you come to think of it, because, whether or not you may consider that it looks nice, it is more expensive, and does its work no better. And yet a tremendous lot of the things we buy are really just as silly—the door handle which is nobbly and difficult to hold, or too small for the average man's hand; that poker with (nearly always) a sharp point at the top which hurts every time you smash a bit of coal, unless you have arrived by practice (and blisters) at your own way of holding it.

Machines and the Men Behind Them

Before we can find the cure for bad design we must discover what causes it. William Morris and his followers declared that mass-production and the machine were in the main responsible; and even to-day there are many people who think that both are evil things. That is quite absurd and shows either muddled thought or total lack of it. The machine makes only what it is told to make; it makes far more perfectly than any man can make; it is all a question of its master; if he sets it to make bad things it does so, in large quantities, and mass production becomes a curse. But the machine will make, just as easily, a perfectly designed object—and probably in even larger quantities; because the object is only perfectly designed if the fact has been borne in mind all along that that machine was to make it. If it has been designed for that machine to make, then mass-production is a blessing, because the things look nice, are efficient too, and really cheap. Chippendale, who is regarded as one of the finest furniture designers and makers of all time, is known definitely to have used mass-production. He had his best chair-leg maker



—with these, which were recently designed for the same firm of manufacturers. Which are the more efficient and pleasant-looking? Do you consider the decoration on the first ones to be worth the extra 12s. each?

Photographs by courtesy of Messrs. James Gibbons

should understand that it is not only designers who hold these views; many manufacturers entirely agree with them, though not necessarily for the same reasons. The manufacturer gets the blame for a good deal which is not his fault at all. 'Very well', I expect you are saying, 'get on with it; employ the designer and make the stuff!'

No Work for the Artist

But there are difficulties. First, the designer is not always all he should be. Sometimes he is just an 'artist'. You will notice that I have carefully avoided that word, and have said 'designer' all through. That is most important. Manufacturers do not like 'artists' as such; artists never can get the maker's point of view; they do lovely drawings of very beautiful things which could never be made, or, if they were, would be prohibitively expensive. Let me give you an example. A maker of, say, wall-paper wants a new design; he employs an artist who knows nothing of how the material is printed. In due course he produces his drawing—a very beautiful design indeed; but when the works manager or foreman gets down to producing it he finds that seven colours are needed, each of which demands a different roller, at, say, £100



One of the lamp-posts in Piccadilly Circus before the 'decoration' was put on—

Photographs by courtesy of the 'Architectural Review'

designs are to be made—not until this is clear in the artist's mind can he even begin to think of what and how he will design, and even then he must work closely with the maker's technical men.

The Outcome of Practical Co-operation

I know of one particularly interesting experiment in this method of working, and it has been so successful that it deserves special mention, more especially because the liaison between manufacturer and designer was taken as far as it could possibly go. The firm in question had for years been making a particular type of glass for scientific purposes and for gas-light globes and shades; this glass had special properties in that it would stand great heat without cracking. That was all there was to it. Then one day somebody came to the conclusion that this glass (or something like it) would be very suitable for cooking purposes and for serving to the table. The technical staff examined the idea; it was considered from all aspects; experts on selling were consulted, and finally it was decided that such cooking ware had a definite future, but that it must be pleasing in appearance, as well as practical from the cook's point of view, and easy and quick to make. A designer of great ability and experience was then chosen; he visited the manufacturer's works and saw actual processes of the manufacture of similar material, and gathered

each—£700 spent before he sees the first piece of wall-paper! So the paper is bound to be expensive. The manufacturer is naturally very nervous of employing people like this, and so he gets his own staff to design for him—the works manager, for example. He uses three rollers only, each for one colour; but by printing the red first, and then the blue, with part of it over the red, he gets three colours—red, blue, and, where they overlap, purple. Then the yellow roller, and he gets orange and green from overlapping on the red and blue, as well as yellow, just by mixing the colour on the paper—six colours with three rollers.

When the manufacturer finds that the artist is impractical, he falls back regretfully on his own staff. The results are not nearly so good in appearance, and he knows it, but all his competitors are in the same boat—all the wall-papers are of the same level, and as the public can get nothing else they have to buy them. I have chosen wall-papers to illustrate my point because the various manufacturers of it are notable exceptions to what I have said, and are now employing real designers, whose work is well worth your attention.

But the fault, you see, is not all on the manufacturer's side. The men capable of producing original designs of good quality frequently refuse to accept the limitations which manufacturing methods often impose, and absolute sympathy with them is the first essential of the designer's employment. What it comes to is that the manufacturer has to transform the artist into a designer before he can be of any use to him; he has to teach him at least the rudiments of how his

some idea of what could and what could not be made; he saw why certain shapes were quite impossible to make; he drew shapes for the manufacturer's expert to criticise, and so discovered how far he could go in his designing. That would have been enough for most people—too much for some. But then the designer consulted experts in cooking and found out exactly how these various types of dish would be used in practice—that gave him some clue to the best shapes; then came the expert in serving food who asked the designer to alter some of the shapes a little, so that the waitress could hold the dishes comfortably, and so that they would not be so deep as to make it difficult to help oneself from them. Then allowance had to be made for the general handling of the dish; it must be substantial but not heavy, there must be no projections to chip off easily, nor hollows to make cleaning difficult. On this information the designer set to work and produced rough sketches. These he submitted to the manufacturer's technical men, at whose request certain slight alterations were evolved, to make the actual processes of manufacture easier and cheaper. Then, and only then, did the designer produce final drawings; he must not ignore, nor even tamper with, the instructions which all these experts had given him, because that would have meant an article not perfectly suited to its purpose. These experts, however, produced only practical efficiency—the designer produced beauty. There was no masquerading as frying pans, no imitation of ordinary table glass—just perfect, practical simplicity, and no decoration. That is what 'good design' means.

The Gulf Between Manufacturer and Public

If, then, the manufacturer is prepared to make well-designed stuff, and there are good designers ready to hand, how is it that so little modern stuff can be seen in the shops? Broadly speaking, it is because the manufacturer now rarely deals direct with the public. Chippendale was in the happy position of being not only the designer, but the maker and retailer as well, so that he had his expert eye on all three sides of the business; he was always up to date and had nobody to hold up his progress.

To-day we have the retailer, whose function it is to buy goods from all manufacturers and sell to all the public. He is the only man who ever sees you shopping. Sometimes he claims to 'know what the public wants', which is, when you come to think of it, just about as conceited and stupid as it could be. What he really means is,

that he knows what the public will put up with, because they have no choice and must have goods of some sort whether they like them or not. How can he know what we want, except on the broadest possible lines? He knows we want carpets and jumpers, but more than that, we seldom know ourselves—not very definitely, anyhow. You say 'I want a jumper,' and he says 'Well have a look at these'. In the end you have the one you like best in the shop, and on the way home you see one you like better in another shop. When your shop has sold its complete stock of jumpers, of your



This old desk telephone was not designed, but assembled from existing parts—ear-piece and mouth-piece. It is unsightly, and difficult to hold in the hand



This new type of G.P.O. standard desk telephone has been considered as one single and complete instrument. It is good to look at and comfortable to use

pattern (probably because everyone agrees that that is the only one she would wear at any price) the shopkeeper goes home happy in the feeling that he understands public taste.

Bradford to London via Paris

The fact of the matter is that the retailer is afraid, for one reason or another, to make any experiments. That is why a sort of phrase-book has grown up around the retail business—'Latest Paris Model', 'We sell a lot of these, Madam', and so on. The idea has grown up that all designs from France are good, and none from England better than mediocre. A very well-known English artist and designer of fabrics was asked by a manufacturer, not long ago, to design some dress materials, and he was on the point of accepting the invitation. At the last moment the manufacturer said to him, 'Of course, we must ask you not to do this under your own name; the retailers' buyers like French designs, so would you mind taking a French name? Anything will do!' The designer felt that his own name would be good enough, and refused, and so the whole thing fell through.

Here is another instance of the same sort, but this one will serve as a warning to you when you shop. A firm in the Midlands produced an entirely new design of dress material. It had been done, I think, by a member of the firm's staff, but that doesn't matter; it was perfectly charming and quite new in idea. The maker was properly proud of it, and hoped that one or other of the big London stores would take it exclusively. The question was—which store? A salesman came to London on his way to France and consulted an expert about it. He, like everyone else, liked the material very much, and gave the salesman a special introduction to the chief buyer of a big shop, and specially recommended him to take the material, because he was sure it would be a success. Along went the salesman to be the buyer, who looked at the cloth, said 'it reeked of Bradford' and turned it down. He afterwards made some pungent remarks to the expert about taking up his time with rubbish. The salesman, rather crestfallen, took it to France on the off-chance of finding a market for it there. Three weeks later, the expert saw that material in the window of the same London shop labelled 'Latest from Paris'—and, of course, at an exorbitant price, because not only had at least one extra person to make a profit on it, but there were duties as well.

Laying for Safety

Why does the shopkeeper do these things? He doesn't want to oppose all change; he likes changes, because they interest his customers; but he is caught up in the tentacles of the system of retail buying that has grown up. Probably it is not a good system, but it has the danger of killing experiment, and so holds up the whole design movement in industry. Broadly speaking, what happens is this: the buyer (take a big store, for example), is a man who thoroughly understands his job. He gets a reasonably good salary and is in charge of the buying of perhaps £10,000 worth of furniture each year; and he draws a commission on everything sold which he has bought. Naturally he buys what he knows will sell; that is why his payment is worked that way. You see the danger—he won't risk buying anything but what has been safely sold for the last year or more years. And you can't really blame him.

But suppose him to be a real enthusiast and idealist. Hang the money! He must buy what he feels in his bones is good design, and in due course the experiment appears in the showroom. Where is it put? Away in a far corner as a rule, where it is only seen by accident; and the salesman shows the customer a sham Jacobean gate-leg table with the remark 'We sell a lot of this'—which is his way of saying: 'You don't have to think, and I hate doing it; none of our other customers think, they all take what I give them'. At the end of the year the accountant wants to know why the buyer has been buying stuff that 'won't sell', trifling with the shareholders' money, and if it happens again, they will have to get someone else to do the buying . . . and so on. Enterprise is dead in that store unless some enlightened director decides to give the modern movement a fair chance. Meanwhile no manufacturer dare do much in the way of altering his designs, because for every shop that will take something new, twenty or thirty want the old for safety.

What is wanted, of course, is close co-operation between those three people who decide what the public is going to buy—the designer, the manufacturer, and the retailer. My own suggestion for the achievement of this (little as I believe in artificial situations) is the formation of a series of associations. First, a retailers' association in each sphere of business—shoes, metal work, carpets, and so on. These associations could discuss the requirements of the next few months, in the light of past experience and intelligent experiment. Then an association of manufacturers in each sphere, to discuss the public's real wants with the designers and retailers. Such associations would give a feeling of safety to all concerned; you see at present a manufacturer thinks twice about devoting part of his factory to new designs, because he has no guarantee that anyone will buy them; and he may lose a good customer for always, because, by giving up space for new designs, he cannot supply the old ones to time. And the retailers would benefit too, because they would no longer fear their die-hard customers (who dislike everything except sham antique and would go to a rival if their regular shop introduced new-fangled ideas) because all the shops would be working on the same basis.

I don't think such a scheme would last long. I believe that the public response would be so great that the associations would die very quickly of internal rivalry, but the scheme might set the ball rolling.

Meanwhile, we (the only people who can decide the matter once and for all) get little opportunity to see, in the flesh, the new designs which are causing all the fuss. Somehow these new well-designed goods must be put before us. We can engineer that, if we try, and all work together. If, before you buy anything in a shop, you will just pause and think whether it is properly designed, and if not, demand to see something that is, the retailer won't be long in getting it to show you.

I believe that the exhibitions which are suggested in the Görell Report on *Art and Industry* can, if they are properly run, do a tremendous amount of good; because they will enable us to follow the progress of current design and so put us in a strong position to slate the shopkeeper who lags behind the times. Ultimately, the consumer has to decide what is to be made, and it rests with us, the public, to raise the level of design from mere reproduction and adaptation to a really sound level which we ourselves can respect and other countries will be glad to buy from us.

New Ships for Old

By LESLIE RUNCIMAN

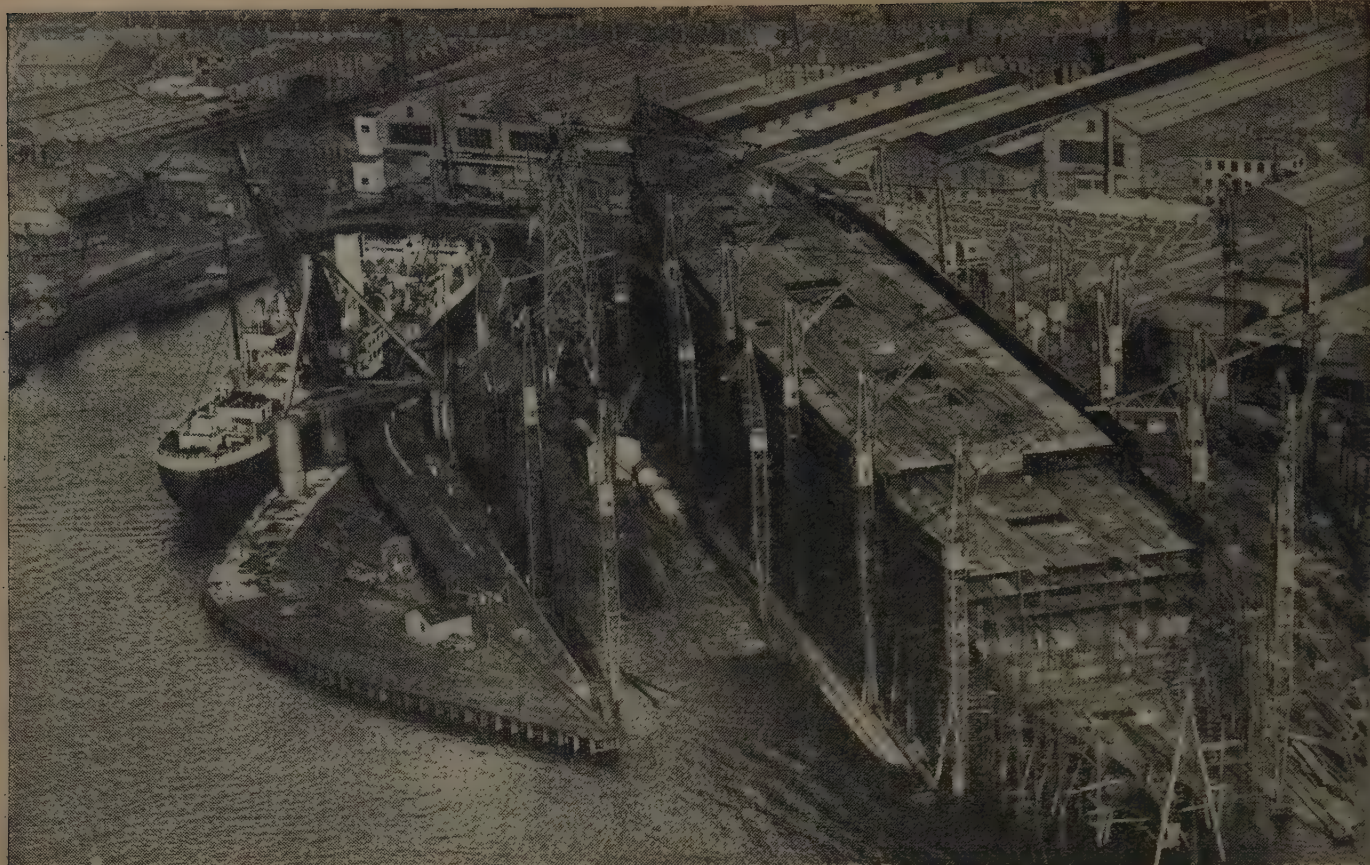
A talk recently broadcast to the North Region in the 'New Problems in Northern Industry and Trade' series

IF you fly over the Tyne or the Wear on a clear day you will see the best summary I know of what trade depression means on the North-east Coast. All along the rivers are tiers of ships looking, what in fact they are, rather bedraggled out-of-works, lying so many and so close that there is no more than clear room for the few that still pass up and down upon their business. At the yards on the banks here and there is a vessel under repair, and conspicuous in the general emptiness is the red hull of a partly finished warship, but for the most part the berths, unoccupied, are already turning green with the grass of many months' idleness.

The iron and steel trade in the North-east produces mainly the materials for constructing ships and bridges. Whether there is any significance in this aptitude for crossing water I cannot say, but it is worth reflecting that while the supply of rivers in the world is strictly limited and in time all of them will have been bridged, not quite the same applies to the sea. Admittedly, there is only a certain area of the world's surface covered by water, and by the ingenious efforts of such people as the Dutch this is being diminished rather than increased; but, at the same time, the only limit to the demand for ships is the quantity of goods which mankind wishes to transport across the seas. About one ship in every five is at present laid up; and, of the remainder,

many are running half empty or worse. There are said to be at least three ships afloat for every two shipfuls, if I may invent the word, of cargo. This is to say, there is now one and a-half times as much steam and motor tonnage in the world as there was in 1914, and it is very doubtful if at the moment there is any more cargo to carry. Why, then, should anyone order a new ship at all? Echo is inclined to answer 'Why, indeed?'—but there are a few possible reasons before we come to that of sheer lunacy. Owners may be artificially stimulated by government subsidies. In some countries with nationalist aspirations and complacent taxpayers this does happen. The results are generally bad because more unnecessary ships are added to the present surplus and even for the shipbuilders a little temporary activity has to be paid for by a longer wait for genuine demand later. A spurious national prestige may be gained, but the price is high.

Or some optimist may take the view that trade will improve sooner than other people think, so he orders now if he has the money (and often if he has not) and reckons to have a cheap modern ship against the expected good times. Admirable, this, from every point of view if the good times come according to schedule. Up to now they have not, and this class of order is small, in consequence. Or a man may build, as I have heard of it being done, from sheer caprice, because he can afford to



'We may still fairly boast that a British shipyard can turn out the best ship for the money you can get in the world anywhere'—Work in progress on one of the latest Cunard liners E.N.A.

experiment or because he would sooner lose his money in running ships which interest him than pay it to the tax collector who does not interest him at all. Or a ship may be wanted for some special purpose for which no existing ship can be obtained, and so a new one has to be built willy-nilly. But that does not happen very often.

None of these kinds of order is going definitely to restore prosperity to our shipbuilding yards. The revival in shipbuilding, if it comes, will come from two much more general causes. The first is that even the best ships wear out in the end, and the second, that even before they wear out they become obsolete because design has improved in the meanwhile.

It used to be said that about twenty years was the life of a ship in British ownership. After that she was either broken up or possibly sold abroad for some lower class trade. At the present moment over a quarter of the ships of the world are more than twenty years old, and over two-thirds of the ships of the world are more than ten years old. Of these younger ships, the greatest number are between ten and fifteen years old, and it does not take much arithmetic to see that those are the ships which were built during and just after the War. That fact is important because, owing to the need at that time for producing ships of some kind as fast as possible, a great many of these vessels were hurriedly built, often of not very good materials, and, because many of the best shipwrights were away fighting, often not as well put together as in normal times.

Here I see at once a hope and a danger. It is possible to build to-day a steamship which can be run for somewhere between two-thirds and three-quarters of what it would cost to run a new ship of the same size of the type generally built before the War. This is largely due to the surprising improvements in steam engines which have taken place in the last five years. For fifty years before the War the steamship had things her own way, but now the invention of Dr. Diesel has made the motorship a very formidable competitor, and the designers of steam engines have had to pull their socks up. They have pulled them up so fast and so effectively that they have almost caught up their motor rivals, when you make allowance for the fact that a Diesel engine costs a great deal more than a steam engine. No doubt the motor people will have their answer ready, and it is likely that competition between these two forms of power will result in the construction of ships which are increasingly economical to run. The result of that will be that the old ships will be at a double disadvantage, first, that of age, and, second, that of design.

If things go on as they are and there is no great improvement, it will become increasingly impossible to operate these old ships at the ruling rates of freight, because the rate of freight will be fixed by what the new ship can take and pay its way, and the old ship, which needs a higher rate, will not be able to get it. There will thus be strong pressure on the owner of the old ship to dispose of his vessel if he can afford it, and buy a new one

instead, or even to dispose of three or four old ships, all of which are losing money, and buy one new ship which may make it. The only objection to this course is that as his old ships will be worth very little, even for scrap, he may not be able to find the money for his new one. Alternatively, if things go well and even the old ships can make a profit, their owners will see the new ships making so much greater profits that they will be tempted to contract for new in order to have their share of what is going. But this is where the danger comes in. These new ships will be so much more effective, that unless they are built in much smaller quantities than the ships they are replacing, they will merely swamp the market again.

Moreover, British yards are no longer builders for the whole world to the extent that they were. In many foreign countries, particularly in Scandinavia and in Italy, shipyards have sprung up which are efficient and likely to endure. And the Germans are not idle. It is only natural that they should get first chance on their country's orders, and it will take a greater price advantage than we can show at the moment to cut them out. At the moment, too, we are to a certain extent losing ground in the very important side-line of ship-repairing. Finally, we are not likely in the near future to see great competition in armaments, which formed a very important part of the shipbuilding and the iron and steel trades in the North-east before the War.

We can never again expect in time of peace to find industrial activity on this coast what it was before the War. It may increase in time, it probably will, to something like its old strength; but it will be different in kind. A recent investigation has suggested that the traditional trades of this area will never again be able to support some 64,000 of the people who live in it, and I see no reason to think that forecast too pessimistic. We may still fairly boast that a British shipyard can turn out the best ship for the money you can get in the world anywhere, and by no means the worst of British shipyards are to be found on the north-east Coast. But that is not enough, and the sooner we all realise that for some of us the present state of affairs will be permanent, the sooner we shall turn our misfortunes to our advantage.

That process is like many surgical operations, painful and costly, but it is necessary. Put bluntly, it means this. Some of our steel works and shipyards will survive to form, as in the past, the basis of our industrial life. But many of the less efficient have got to go, and the sooner the better. Their disappearance will cause suffering and grave capital loss, but what cannot be cured is better ended. Some of the less adaptable men who owned or worked in them may never find employment—but they are unemployed now. The rest, freed from the illusion that things will go back again to what they were, may then devote their skill and enterprise to developing new industries and supplying new wants. It will not be easy or pleasant but it can be done and, if we do not face it now, the process will only get harder for our delay.

Christ in the Changing World—IV

The Touchstone of Conduct

By the Rev. E. S. WATERHOUSE

Dr. Waterhouse is Professor of Psychology and the Philosophy of Religion at the Wesleyan College, Richmond

A SLIGHTLY superior young man told me lately that Christianity was out-dated, and advanced an extraordinary hotchpotch of second-hand opinions from second-rate thinkers as the attitude of 'modern youth' to life. I do not know whether modern youth had commissioned this young gentleman as their spokesman, though it is a well-known psychological mechanism to bolster up one's own inferiority sense by coming forward as the representative of any influential group. However, I told him that his views were not in date, and so never likely to be out of it. But the words of Jesus are never old. 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you do ye also to them'. Is that likely to be out-of-date? 'It is not the will of your heavenly Father that one of these little ones should perish'. Will that saying ever be untrue? We talk of the changing world, but does human nature change much? Come out into any street, and I will find for you Maries and Marthas by the score, impetuous Peters, and pessimistic Thomases, men like Zacchæus despised by the world as 'wrong ones', but appreciated by Jesus. Even the folk of His parables live on. The Good Samaritan still stops his car to pick up the man who has fallen amongst motor bandits, the prodigal works his passage home on a tramp steamer, and the elder brother says it is 'the limit', and stalks off in disgust to his club. Human nature is still as Jesus found it, what He had to say to men is still to be said to us. If so, let us ask what He did say?

Are You Good at Forgetting?

But, first of all, are you good at forgetting? I really mean good, not bad, for the art of forgetting is a most useful art, and not practised properly. Certainly it would be a splendid thing if, as we approach this question as to what Jesus has to say about conduct, we should forget what we have been taught in His name. For example, the religious education of most of us was an odd mixture of what mattered and what did not. We learnt that we should go to church, decently apparelled in our best, and that murders was tabooed on the sacred day. We were told not to drink or swank, to tell the truth, and keep our tempers. All these varied commands seemed to have religion behind them giving them authority, and we took them wholesale fashion as they stood. As we grew older we learnt a little better discrimination, but even so few of us ever ask ourselves such questions as 'Why is wrong wrong, and why is one wrong worse than another?' 'What right have we to punish people, and what is the use of punishment?' It is our nature to act first and think after, because as children we learned to act as we were told. This saved us the trouble of thinking why we should do such things or not, and, of course, we were not old enough in any case to think things out. In consequence we formed certain habits of life and action without thinking about them, and we have never since thought about them either. That is why I ask you to do a little forgetting, because we are all apt to confuse what Jesus said with what is taught under the authority of His name. Let us try to approach the question as if all were new, and see what He had to say about conduct.

We shall at once find that Jesus had forgotten much, too, for there is small trace of the habits of thought and expression that were common amongst the Rabbis in what He said. St. Paul is much more the Rabbi than his Master. The method of Jesus was simple. He looked at everything from one point of view. He was a man of one great idea. That was God: not what others said about God, or what the traditions of His race had written down. Jesus looked at everything as He knew God would look at it, and though it sounds almost cynical to say so, it is for that reason that His teaching was original. Others were so busy with what the great Rabbis had said that they never thought of going straight to the root of things and asking how God would view it. When they came asking about the still thorny problem of divorce, reminding Him what Moses had allowed, Jesus said in effect, 'Never mind about Moses, how would God look at it? Does He want what He has done undone?' It was typical of the way Jesus approached every problem.

Temporal Precepts and Eternal Principles

It is this, too, which explains the eternal character of His teaching. He is not for an age, nor for all time, but for eternity. Because He thought in terms of God, He did not think of particular cases and local needs and conditions, but rather of the principles they embodied. Hence we find He gave principles rather than precepts. Precepts are always in peril of getting out of date. I believe there is still a law that forbids masters to give their apprentices salmon more than so many times a week.

That was a piece of sound and useful legislation when the Thames was a salmon river and salmon were more plentiful than herrings. Nowadays it is so far removed from all connection with the actual, that it has to be explained as I have just tried to do. Such a fate may attend any precept, and I am sometimes amused to see a modern girl snatching a handkerchief to put on her head so that she may enter some church where St. Paul's precepts are still (in this, but I am sure not in all, respects) taken literally, though it may be that the Apostle would be somewhat astonished at the interpretation put on a precept which he gave with quite another idea before his mind.

Jesus gave no precepts, and that is why He is never out-dated. He gave eternal principles. There are people still who ask for precepts. 'I want to be told exactly what to do, what to believe', they cry. To the psychologist this is a pretty clear case of what we might call Peter Pan-ism, refusal to grow up, retrogression to a childhood attitude, failure to face facts, running away in the face of a difficulty to cry for the sheltered days of childhood when responsibility was taken for us. You will not get such teaching from Jesus, because you should not need any such thing after you are mentally adult, and He will not help any man to shirk the issues of life which he should face out, by giving a kind of diet schedule for his soul's health. You must find your own faith at your own risk, and your own soul in doing so. You have both the words and the life to guide you, for whatever He said He did. Think how He fulfilled His own words about taking no thought for the morrow, as He resolutely laid aside the shadow of the coming cross and with quiet determination went on with His ministry. Whatever He said He did: you can pick on any saying at random in the New Testament, and you will find the illustration of what He said in some deed of His.

Perhaps this habit of looking from God's window at life was responsible for the amazing common sense of His teaching. Think of that saying 'Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's'. It was the most apt reply to a dangerous question, but it was not a smart evasion. It was naked common sense. 'Is it right to do good or evil on the Sabbath, to save a life or to kill?' He asked. What answer could be given? You rescue a sheep on the Sabbath day. 'How much better is a man than a sheep?' How much? He asks questions with disconcerting frankness, and how many of them are unanswerable? 'Why call ye Me Lord Lord and do not the things which I say?' What answer shall we give to that?

You will find His teaching direct and positive. The earliest laws, like the Ten Commandments, are chiefly negative, 'Thou shalt not' do this and that. Then follows a positive stage 'Do'. Do justly, love mercy, and so forth. But Jesus went beyond these. He seldom said 'Do not'. Only once did He say that something could not be done, and that was to serve two masters at once. He more often said 'Do', but most of all He said 'Be', which is the third and highest stage.

He taught the way to what is perhaps the one thing everybody wants, and that is happiness. In those eight sayings we call the Beatitudes, the word we translate 'Blessed' can just as well be translated 'Happy'. The present age has a great deal more excitement than pleasure and much more pleasure than real happiness. But Jesus shows where the difference between these things lies.

The Worst Type of Sin

Jesus gave no special list of sins. The worst sin, according to Him, was the sin of an unloving heart. Those He condemned most were the people who pretended to be what they were not, the slackers who looked back, and those who made a little child or anyone weaker than themselves, to stumble. He made personal friendships with many outcasts. In His great story of the sheep and goats, the two classes may have had the same doctrines, but nothing was said of that. They were both unaware of having done or failed to do anything special. The one were so selfish that they never noticed that they had been so, and the others so unselfish that it never occurred to them they had done anything of a special character in helping others. But Jesus divided them according to nothing else but what they had done or failed to do to others.

We are a long way yet from realising Jesus' teaching that the worst type of sin was that which wronged another and made him unhappy. We can imprison anyone for the theft of a few pence, but the cowardly wretch who tortures children and animals often gets off with a small fine. The man who makes miserable the life of those who are unfortunate enough to be in his shop or office has no punishment at all. Yet on the teaching of Jesus that man stands far more condemned than some poor wretch who,

born and bred amongst thieves, follows the fashion of his neighbours. There are so many sins that go unpunished in this life, things which Jesus hated and condemned, that I must believe that there is a reckoning for those whose unloving hearts make others miserable, in the days to come. When they meet the Champion of the weak, they will have to answer to Him. For the publicans and sinners of this age He will have the mercy He had in Galilee, but if any lie outside His mercy it will be those who make others suffer. Yet do we realise this enough, preach it enough?

This is an age that needs some definite teaching upon life. It has no working philosophy of life. The Victorian standards have been jettisoned, and the present age prides itself on its freedom, but the line between liberty and license is always a thin one, and it is often crossed. No one gets freedom by throwing over the standards under which they were brought up and finding no others to replace them. The utterest slaves on earth are the people who determine to do just what they please, for they are bound to the slavery of their animal instincts, and are no more free than their dogs. I am not suggesting a return to Victorian standards, though I do not think they were half so smug and conventional as they are represented to be, but just because they belonged to an age that is past, they are out of place to-day. What I do plead is that we should not just drift or even rush through life from point to point, but have some sort of broad-range view of life and conduct as a whole and make our acts consistent with it. There is no view of life better fitted to our own day than that of Christ, because, with all its faults, there is a kindliness, a charity, a sympathy with the 'bottom dog' and a sincerity about the present age which Christ has indirectly inspired in it. I believe this age could bring out aspects of His teaching the Victorians never saw. But the essential necessity is to re-find Christ.

Christ at First-Hand

I have no cheap sneers against the Church. I cannot forget it is the society Jesus founded, and for His sake I must belong to it and be loyal to it, and I have found in it thousands of better men than I am. It is not for me to throw a stone. Yet the interpretation of churches is bound to become traditional, and to need now and again to be dry docked and scraped of the barnacles that it accumulates. Recollect what Charles Dickens wrote in his will when he exhorted his children to live according to the broad spirit of the New Testament and put no faith in any man's narrow construction of the letter. It would do us good to forget the sermons we have heard (some of you may think that advice superfluous) and try to ask ourselves exactly what did Jesus teach, not what we have been taught about His teaching. It is not inconsistent for a preacher to tell you to forget the sermons, because like the medical man he has the strange task of making people well enough to do without his help. The doctor is always trying to help you to get rid of him, and the preacher too may try to take his hearers to His Master and leave them there. If so his task is fulfilled. Get back to find out what Jesus does say, and you will find the guidance you need. Your difficulties are due not to what He said but to the changes His disciples have made.

I agree that talk about loving all men may easily degenerate into a meaningless sentimentalism, and that it does seem vague to speak about loving the man we do not know, and do not want to know, but the command 'Love one another' is easily interpreted by the words 'As I have loved you'. To love all men does not mean we can feel alike towards all, nor that we are to treat all in terms of affectionate friendship. It does mean that we are to look at every man as Christ did, and treat him as He would do. That is why what Jesus said about conduct is the clearest rule to follow, because if we are uncertain what is meant by the saying, we can find out by the life of the Master. If you would know, you have but to ask yourself if you can think of Him treating anyone in this way or that, and you will know whether you are right or wrong.

The Attitude of 1932

May I make a closing appeal to this present age? You who are proud of being 1932, will you let me tell you something frankly about ourselves? We belong to an age that has some very definite merits and defects. In years to come this age will be remembered for its great advances in mechanics and physics. It has developed the machine, till the machine bids fair to be the master and we its attendant slaves. It has penetrated more deeply into the secrets of Nature than any of its predecessors, and whilst our modern conceptions of this mysterious universe are certain to be outdated, we shall be remembered as pioneers in opening the way to a new conception of the universe around us. I am not at all sure that posterity will have much grateful remembrance of our art or music or literature. It will probably label us as a mechanical generation, who mortgaged our art to our science, and were inclined to think that anything new, however ugly, must be an improvement because it was new.

These characteristics have had their effect on our mental and moral life. We seem as anxious to change our theology as our architecture, and our moral and social habits as readily as we

get the latest model of car. We are exceedingly superior when we compare ourselves with our Victorian grandfathers, though psychologists usually find a superiority complex the mental method of trying to bury an inferiority complex, and our attitude to the Victorians may (dare I whisper?) indicate that we are slightly conscious of our own inferiority to them in certain ways. Yet the present age is frank and humane; it dislikes shams, and whilst it is pleasure-loving, and not fond of outward religious observance, it has a great deal of the spirit of religion without the form.

An Individual Challenge

That is why I appeal to this age to seek in the words of Jesus the creed it needs to guide it. The present age will not face up to Christ. It is so much easier to criticise the Churches, and give their defects as a reason for its own defection. That is what psychology calls 'rationalising', the process by means of which we afford ourselves an explanation which forms a creditable justification of our actions, but none the less is not the true reason for them. Most rationalising is unwittingly done, that is to say, we are not aware of substituting one reason for another. Frankly, are not the reasons why we do not try to adopt Christ's standards for life rationalisations rather than true reasons? Is He not too great, too uncompromising for us? Have we the pluck to try to live as He told us to live? Is it not easier to make our criticism of organised Christianity an excuse, and escape the challenge of Jesus? Is it not easier to make doubts about the old traditions an excuse for neglecting Him? Yet can you possibly believe that your doubts about Noah and his Ark or whatever else it is are good cause for escaping the tremendous challenge to life and faith that the Sermon on the Mount offers you? In colloquial phrase, it is 'not good enough'. It simply will not do. We, like Pilate, can find no fault in Him; why, then, do we not try to follow out His law of life and love? Never mind what others do, who profess discipleship. Your responsibility is to face it for yourself, and decide what you will do, whether you are going to live as He challenges you to live, or not even try.

There is so much good about this changing world that I long to see it bring its good qualities to the service of Christ. If you of the present age do not find that any of the Churches teaching in His name give you the presentation of His teaching that meets your need, then seek it for yourselves, but do not ignore Christ. I believe with all my heart that the special problems, not simply the moral and spiritual ones, but the industrial and international, which beset this age can be solved only by the ideals of Jesus being put into practice. If our present civilisation is to continue it must change its basis. The old basis has been national isolation, with war as the arbitrator between nations. That arbitrator has shown clearly that if called upon again, he will destroy all who appeal to his arbitration, and with the next great war, if ever there should be one, civilisation will perish. The only basis for the international civilisation of the future lies in the law of love as Jesus taught it. Jesus is needful to this changing world, for, believe me without Him, its changes will be its destruction.

But, on the other hand, I believe that if this age, with its resources and possibilities, would put the Sermon on the Mount into practice, it could do more to extend His kingdom than any age has ever done. You need Christ, and He needs you. It is a changing world, but it will never change so as to out-date Christ. I saw a few years ago a farm in Essex, and on the door of the house was a brass knocker in the form of a wolf's head, which was a reminder of the fact that over two hundred years ago the last wolf ever seen in that part of the country was slain there. Outside in the field the lambs were feeding peacefully. I thought of the phrase, 'The survival of the fittest'. It was the lamb which survived, not the wolf. Surely that is a parable. The wolf spirit amongst men shall die, but the spirit of One Who was called the Lamb of God shall survive, because it is fittest, and God decides fitness. Take courage. The wolf is still with us, the wolf of the war god Mars, the wolf of grinding poverty and misery at the doors; but his day is passing, and the changing world is moving slowly, but, please God, surely to the great day of the triumph of the Lamb.

The first number of *Character and Personality*, an international quarterly (Allen and Unwin, single copies 2s., annual subscription 7s. 6d.) devoted to the exact study of human conduct and its laws, opens appropriately with an article by Professor William McDougall discussing the meaning of the words which give the quarterly its title. He defines 'character' as a part only, rather than the whole, of personality, which comprises also temperament ('the sum of the influences of the internal chemical environment'); intellect, disposition and temper. Dr. Robert Saudek, the editor of the quarterly, gives an illustrated graphological study of 'The Years of Puberty in a Public School'; while Professor Jung, of Zurich, writes on 'Sigmund Freud in his Historical Setting'. The new quarterly is being issued in both German and English editions, so that it will provide an international forum for the dissemination of research into all aspects of human behaviour, both in its individual and its social aspects.

Studies in Musical Heresy—IX

The Unimportance of Richard Strauss

By FRANCIS TOYE

IN the articles on Italian music, I, greatly daring, ventured to assert with some confidence that, only if he were very lucky, would Richard Strauss balance Puccini in the scales of musical history. This assertion, as might be expected, surprised many people who are accustomed to accept the great valuation of the composer of 'Rosenkavalier'. Perhaps, therefore, though it is contrary to the general policy of these *Notes* (which is rather to discover new, than to destroy old, values), a frank exposition of the grounds for the assertion called for.

During the odd twenty-five years in which I have been lectured with musical criticism there have been two major reputations—the minor reputations are of course almost endless in number—which have waxed and waned. The first of these was the reputation of Scriabin, which, thank goodness, has waned almost completely; he is now recognised for what he always was: a composer of charming small piano pieces, whose efforts to write in the grand manner resemble nothing so much as those of the frog in the fable. The other is the reputation of Richard Strauss, which, deservedly, has not faded to anything like the same extent but is very noticeably less than it used to be.

Twenty-five years ago, up to the time of the War in fact, Strauss was the acknowledged king of the progressives. The mantle of Richard Wagner sat gracefully on his shoulders. He, the well-known aphorism: 'If Richard, why not Wagner, Strauss why not Johann?' had, I believe, already been coined; it was whispered with bated breath, somewhat as if a man would whisper a notorious heretical opinion in church. All the more intellectual or advanced music critics wrote pages of analysis to demonstrate the profundity of his musical thought. The clever young men found an agreeable alternative to the old puzzles in dissecting and putting together again the various motifs of his more important symphonic poems, the formal process being practically identical in both instances. The première of a Strauss opera was the musical event of the season, and, though few people in this country perhaps, really had much pleasure in those monstrosities 'Salome' and 'Elektra', all spoke of them with unfeigned respect.

In later years, however, all this has changed. The empty bombastic 'Alpine Symphony' has led most of the younger musicians and even some of the middle-aged to overlook the essential musical vacuity of works such as 'The Heroic Symphony' or 'Thus spake Zarathustra'; even 'A Hero's Life' and 'Don Quixote' are admired, if at all, for the occasional ingenuity of their texture or their orchestration, rather than for the beauty or originality of their fundamental musical ideas. The imitative or dreary operas of the post-war period have caused not only musicians but laymen to modify considerably their previous enthusiasm. In fact, in Stock Exchange parlance, the stock of Richard Strauss has fallen to low points and certainly shows no signs of recovering. On the opposite. As an honest man I must admit a certain amount of prejudice. I was never among those who greatly admired Strauss and the satisfaction of being able to say 'I told you so' cannot easily be eradicated from the human breast. I might then and I am certain now that at heart Strauss is an inveterate sentimentalist, with a curious leaning towards the grotesque, who has forced himself from conviction, or from a desire to satisfy the tastes of his day, to construct ridiculously mammoth edifices of realism and ugliness. His fundamental quality, I maintain, is shown by half a dozen pieces, a considerable portion of 'Rosenkavalier', some of 'Elektra', 'Die Frau ohne Schatten', the early Tone-Poem, 'Don Juan', and, regarding the grotesque, 'Tyl Eulenspiegel', which is certainly the most, perhaps the only, perfect essay in orchestral composition that he has achieved, and which will, I hope, live as it ought to live.

Again, Strauss seems to me to be a musical miniaturist, that is, a composer who really thinks in a small way. This, if it be a fact, was hidden from contemporary audiences

by the great intellectual ingenuity displayed in the construction of some of the major works. In reality, however, the intellectuality was not musical intellectuality at all, but something extramusical for external use only, like an ointment. Indeed it is precisely this quality which, in my view, endeared him to those who love to dissect music, in that it offered them an almost unparalleled opportunity to demonstrate their own cleverness without any ultimate reference to purely musical values.

It may well be due to this essentially miniature quality of Strauss' mind that 'Rosenkavalier', despite the many beautiful passages in the score, remains so unsatisfactory as an entity, as a work of art. No composer with a broad sense of stylistic construction could have conceived such a hybrid, with its blend of imitation Mozart and anachronistic waltzes, the whole being flavoured with *sauce piquante à la 'Salome'*. The length alone is an aesthetic sin of capital importance in view of the nature of the subject; and I am convinced that if 'Rosenkavalier' survives at all (which it deserves to do as a specimen of glorified Lehar treated with all the skill of a highly accomplished musician) it will have to be shortened by at least one hour. Still, there is a genuine lyrical impulse in 'Rosenkavalier' as there is some genuine grace in 'Ariadne'. I can find no originality in either. Indeed, I should very much like to know what original contribution Strauss has made to the musical vocabulary except the grotesque fantasy of the main theme of 'Tyl Eulenspiegel'! At the risk of being repetitive let me insist once again that there are isolated fragments in several of Strauss' works which have great musical value, but that the works themselves as entities are unsatisfactory because the elaboration is an unmusical elaboration and the interest, when it exists, is technical rather than poetical. Small wonder then, that they have 'dated' so rapidly; for nothing ages quite so quickly as merely technical dexterity.

What is likely to happen to Richard Strauss in the course of musical history is well shown by what has happened to another and greater composer who shared many of his characteristics. This was Meyerbeer. Meyerbeer, like Strauss, held for some years the allegiance of the intelligentsia. Like Strauss his fundamental musical inspiration was decidedly short-winded. Like Strauss he lavished unremitting care on the elaboration of unessential details. Like Strauss he was a master of effect, and like Strauss again, he was a first-class man of business determined and able to use his power to the utmost in order to secure appreciation of his works. But there the resemblance ceases. Meyerbeer did originate a good deal, both in the matter of orchestration and the technical handling of opera. It is his misfortune rather than his fault that nearly all that was worth preserving in his operas has been assimilated and improved upon in the operas of Wagner and Verdi. Still the fact remains that without Meyerbeer these two greater men could not possibly have accomplished what they did. Strauss, on the other hand, coming after both of them, has quite properly taken advantage of all they had to give, but I am unable to see that he has added to it anything that is significant. Certainly he has written no opera to compare with the Verdian or Wagnerian masterpieces; while nearly all the symphonic poems are vitiated by the fact that they reflect the fashion for realism which for a time afflicted Europe, and which has, thank goodness, already passed away. If there is one aesthetic fashion that always passes quickly it is the fashion for realism.

The highest possible compliment, then, that can be paid to Strauss is to christen him the Meyerbeer of our time. I do not think that he in reality deserves it, and I shall be exceedingly surprised if, fifty years after his death, any of his works shows the vitality of 'Les Huguenots', 'Le Prophète', or 'L'Africaine'. A composer like Puccini, who relies exclusively on musical means to achieve his objects, even if his inspiration be of the secondary order, is always in a better position to withstand the onslaughts of time. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.*

Through the Khyber to Kabul

By F. G. R. PETERSON

THE gateway to India swung fast behind us, while an Afghan sentry examined my passport. At six that morning we had left Peshawar while the camel drivers were squatting round their fires and friendly bugle calls rang out from the cantonment lines. We were a small party in my car—there was myself, my Sikh mechanic and Fateh Khan, my Pathan servant, a trusty soul who looked upon all master's excursions into the blue as mad, but this one as rather madder than most. The first stage of the journey to Kabul had been simple enough—twenty-nine miles over a military highway that would challenge comparison with the Great West Road. The Kajuri Plain, like a yellow sea, sweeps down upon Peshawar. The Fort of Jamrud rises from out it, with its sloping sides and its squat turrets looking like a battle cruiser—to starboard lie its lesser consorts, Michni and Shabkadr. Then, nine miles out of Peshawar, you plunge into the entrance to the Khyber and your journey has really begun. I have travelled many strange roads in the far places of this world, but there is none to give you the thrill of the Khyber, and, if you drove through it every day for a year, it would never lose its majesty nor surrender its fascination. For here you march with the ghosts of dead armies and you are admitted into the living companionship of the camel caravans that wind their way to Herat, to Khorassan and to the golden road that leads to Samarkand. You pass the time of day with the wardens of the Pass; you look in on the mess of a Highland regiment at Landi Kotal; you pause to talk the fascinating, the unescapable shop of the frontier with a grey-shirted officer of the Frontier Constabulary. The valley is dotted with tribal villages that are fortresses in themselves, high to the left and to the right the red hills are turreted with the ruins of the *Kafir Kots*—the castles of the unbelievers—that centuries ago turned the marching legions of Alexander from the frowning corridor and into the easier paths that lie through the valley of the Swat. You slow down to watch a camel caravan, with its great uncouth beasts, swinging along the track below the motor road; high overhead there comes the drone of an aeroplane where a machine of the Royal Air Force is keeping its daily vigil and flying low over the hills before it turns on its homeward flight across the Kabul River, swollen with the snows of a thousand mountain tops and split into a maze of minor streams before it flows into the Indus at Attock.

You meet the Kabul River again soon after you have crossed the border. Then comes a blazing journey across mile after mile of the plains that lie on the road to Jallalabad. Here we spent a sleepless night while the thermometer on the verandah registered nearly 100 degrees just before a merciless midnight; where every sandfly between the Kabul River and Kandahar seemed to have joined a deputation to welcome us into Afghanistan and where poor Fateh Khan squatted at the foot of the steps and mourned the madness of master who had left the comfort of the clubs and messes of Peshawar behind him. We were off again before dawn and began the long climb that leads up to Kabul, nearly 6,000 feet above sea level. That morning we drove along the narrow road that winds above the Jagdalak Pass of unhappy memory, where on a bitter January morning ninety years ago a British column of between 4,000 and 5,000 men was wiped out by the tribesmen. One could imagine the red-coated infantry making their last stand; the Bengal Horse Artillery so strangely equipped in their blue tunics, brass helmets and high jack-boots yielding their supreme effort in what was virtually a cavalry charge that piled up men and horses and guns upon the barricade which the Afghans had thrust across the narrow defile; and it did not need the mental vision of Lady Butler's historic painting to see the gallant Dr. Bryden—sole survivor of the whole force—struggle ahead on his pony to bring the bad news to the garrison at Jallalabad.

The Unchanged East

But this was no time for sad, if imperishable, memories: the living reality was spell-making enough. The mountains towered above us; the streams rushed below. The mountaineers we met along the road were cheerful-looking sportsmen, who greeted you with that calm, courteous, and yet uncurious gaze that you get only in the East. Most of them wore large *puggis*, or turbans, spotlessly white, baggy pantaloons and a sort of Zouave jacket, in many cases cut from dark red or green velvet trimmed with braid. There was not one of them who did not carry his rifle slung over his shoulder. Many of them gave rhythm to their journey by singing in that plaintive minor key which seems to be the first essential for a folk song, whether it comes from the highlands of Scotland, the *puszta* of Hungary, or from the banks of the Volga. Perhaps a musician can say why peasants take their folk songs so sadly, but, save in the cheerful lilt of our own English ballads, I have never known otherwise.

A hair-raising climb down one mountain side and up another,

and late that afternoon we reached Kabul. The old capital of Afghanistan is definitely a city of the East. There are some great cities in Asia and Africa that have been so modernised that the white buildings and the green shutters of the new town that has arisen make what we are pleased rather patronisingly to call 'the native quarter' (which in strict truth is the city itself) seem like the slum area on the outskirts of London, Calcutta, Cairo, or Shanghai, for example. But there are others that have grimly refused to let a few modern touches alter the essential fashion of their Eastern garb. Baghdad is one that I have seen, Omdurman and Kano are others; Kabul is certainly a fourth. Imagine a rambling city built of mud and plaster walls set in the saucer of a great plateau. On all sides bare hills look down upon it. The great fortress of the Bala Hissar that rises above the town seems almost dwarfed by a background which it is unable to live up to. The king's palace is a pleasant place screened by dark green trees and suggesting an atmosphere of dignity mingled with a certain mystery behind its walls. Almost startlingly white in its contrast, the British Residency stands aloof on the outskirts of the rambling town. And—magnificent background to it all—rises the great wall of the Hindu Kush, those mountains that rise so high that it is difficult to tell where the snow-covered peaks meet the cold skies and where the cold skies weave their veil of cloud about the proud summits.

The market places are busy. There are carpets from Bokhara and Turkestan; spices from Termez; gold embroidered jackets to tempt the tribesmen, who with the simplicity of children, the hills wander through the narrow lanes hand in hand. Side by side with these stalls in the market are others that sell modern stuff which looks garish and cheap in comparison with china from Eastern Russia, bicycle tyres from Peshawar, lamps, electric torches and gramophone records of tunes that were sung in the night clubs of Berlin five years ago.

An Army of Contrasts

The crowd is sophisticated, good-humoured—save when quarrelsome tribesmen from the Shinwari or the Uzbeks threaten. He has been done down by the local shopkeeper, and then he is liable to see the quick flash of a knife. The city is well policed. You will see any number of troops about; for here is the headquarters of the *Shahi-firqa*—the household troops of the King, who correspond to our own Brigade of Guards. They are smartly turned out and at a distance look like the German storm troops. They wear the German pattern steel helmet; grey-green uniforms with red collars and facings; lace gaiters like those of the United States marines. Once you get out of Kabul there is a marked drop in the appearance and the discipline of the stray soldiers you meet along the road. For the most part they are ragged, ill-equipped and in many cases mere boys. But the real military strength of Afghanistan must always lie in her vast forces of irregular tribesmen who know neither spit nor polish nor words of command. A man of Afghanistan has arisen from the ashes of that mysterious country which used to hide itself behind the mountains of Solomon, but the day has not yet come when it is possible to forget those lines which Sir Alfred Lyall wrote many years ago:

And far from the Suleiman heights come the sound of the stirring of tribes,
Afridi, Hazara and Ghilzai, they clamour for plunder or bribe—
And Herat is but held by a thread, and the Usbeg has razed Badushkhan
And the chief may sleep sound in his grave who would rule an unruly Afghan.

It is to the tribesmen—those proud people of the hills who claim descent from that Afghana who was grandson of Solomon himself, commander-in-chief of Solomon's army and eighteenth in descent from the first King of Israel, that the rulers of the country must lift up their eyes when they need help.

Recent Afghanistan History

The night I arrived in Kabul, I met Nadir Shah, King of Afghanistan. He is a gentle, cosmopolitan, kindly man with all a king's dignity and all a king's charm. He wears European clothes but in heart, in mind and in policy he is a king of the Afghans and not an imitator of the Occident. To listen to his perfect French, to hear his soft, cultured voice, it is difficult to visit those desperate days when he entered Kabul at the point of a sword to depose and to destroy Bacha Saqao, the son of the water-carrier who had in turn overthrown that well-meaning but singularly futile person Amanullah. The recent history of Afghanistan is told in the buildings of Kabul. Not far from the British Residency rises the ruin of a school which Bacha Saqao set alight as a fiery torch to bring the tribesmen streaming down from their mountain passes for the overthrow



A Nation at Prayer—In a Moslem Mosque at Kabul

the ruling dynasty and the loot of all the markets. Beyond it on a hillside is a fantastic conglomeration of modern buildings, unoccupied and unfinished, which are all that remain of poor Amanullah's attempt to build a kind of new Delhi on a small scale. And farther still up the mountain side is surely the strangest picture that a scene-painter might design at a moment of madness. Below you lies the old town and the wide plains around it. You have entered a belt of trees, and there is a grateful stream which has its twin sister in the watery meadows of a Dorset village that I know and love. There on the bank of that Eastern stream are horrid little bungalows with black and yellow and green shutters that the Court of Amanullah selected in pathetic imitation of some resort on the French Riviera, where the King-That-Was spent his holiday dreaming of a nation in bowler hats, while all the time the King-That-Is-To-Be—the son of the humble water-carrier—sat gazing down on the mosques of Kabul and sharpening his sword the while.

The Power of Nadir Shah

But you don't hear much of the kings that have come and gone these days. Nadir has captured the imagination and the confidence of his subjects. He has given the nation the real benefits of modern reform—a voice in the constitution, justice in the eyes of the law, and the blessings of roads and transport. Who travels into Afghanistan expecting adventure and hardship and danger will only find them if he goes out of his way to look for them. In fact, the road to Kabul is so much safer than Piccadilly these days that on my return journey to Peshawar I drove with a vague feeling of disappointment that I hadn't even had one adventure to store up for my credulous friends at home. Suddenly my heart gave a thrill. A huge tribesman leaped into the middle of the road, his belt bristling with cartridges, his curved rifle raised high above his head. He shouted something at me, and I accelerated hastily as I stopped for my automatic. We dashed through and I ducked voluntarily. Two minutes later I turned to the impassive Mirh Khan. 'Did he want to stop us?' I asked. 'Yes, Sahib', came the answer. 'He thought we were a taaaxi'. Motor lorries carry passengers from village to village along the route, and the word 'taxi' has now passed into the language of the tribes.

It is not, however, by reforms and innovations that Nadir has won through; it is by his intense and unswerving resolve to return to the strict faith of Islam that had been vaguely disturbed by the over-hasty experiments that followed the war. I saw Nadir Shah on many occasions—seated under a silken canopy to receive the homage of his tribal leaders; mounted on his Arab charger to take the salute of his troops; gravely courteous and diplomatic as he entertained the representatives of the Great Powers accredited to his court. There is, however, one memory that rises supreme above them all. It was on the last day of a week of celebration. We had watched the wrestling and military sports; we had listened to the throbbing of the tribal drums and watched the tribesmen swaying in their graceful dance. Then suddenly the redness of the dying sun blended and was lost in the redness of the hills behind which it sank. Far away from a minaret came that inspiring call to prayer: 'All—ah il All—ah'. God is God and Mahomet is his prophet. In a moment the great crowd sank into silence. It was as if you were watching a sound picture of some Eastern pageant and the sound apparatus had broken down, leaving the picture itself to continue without its accompaniment. And there I saw a King leading his people in prayer. He knelt on his praying mat in front of the thousands behind him. He rose, knelt, prostrated himself, rose again in the dignified postures of the Faithful at prayer. Behind him his subjects followed in the fading light. There was neither precedence nor distinction—hairy tribesmen knelt beside Cabinet Ministers; private soldiers found themselves next to generals of high rank.

And as I watched, feeling the cold air of the Hindu Kush gradually wrap itself around the Kabul of old, it was borne in on me that here was a ruler who has set out to hold his people neither by innovations within his boundaries nor relations with the countries that lie beyond them, but by the spiritual exaltation of Islam itself.

Trollope's *The Last Chronicle of Barset* has now been added to the World's Classics Series (Humphrey Milford, 2s.), thus completing the six Barsetshire novels which are now all included in this Library, alongside several other of the less well-known, but nearly as attractive, works of Trollope.

Out of Doors

What to Plant in the Herbaceous Border

By Captain GEOFFREY CRAWSHAY

IF anyone asked the name of the most typical and popular of all herbaceous plants, I imagine ninety-nine out of every hundred would answer delphiniums, and I am certainly not the odd one in the hundred. Delphiniums are so much a feature of every herbaceous border that one wonders if herbaceous borders existed before delphiniums. The beauty of some of the new strains leaves one breathless, and the colours range through almost every shade of blue and lavender and purple. There is nothing quite so lovely as a clump of delphiniums with six-foot spikes, each flower the size of a half-crown, especially those with mauve centres and outer petals of delphinium blue. There are dozens of glorious varieties, but they are not cheap, and I would suggest you buy a 2s. 6d. packet of seeds of the finest strains from some well-known nurseryman. You will get flowers as good, and sometimes better, than many of the named varieties. Sow in April under glass in shallow pans of almost pure sand, or in the late summer as soon as the fresh seed is ripe. Plant out the seedlings into a bed or where they are to flower, but keep a daily, or rather hourly, look out for slugs, as they prefer them to anything else. You can increase specimen plants by root division in the spring or by cuttings when the spikes are about four inches high, but be sure and get a heel off the old and hard root stock. They won't root otherwise, as the young shoots are hollow.

One of the most useful flowers for the middle and back of an herbaceous border is phlox. The colours are so wonderful, and the scent so attractive. You can raise them from cuttings under glass in the spring when the shoots should be thinned out, but you can get just as good results by dividing up the plants in the spring. Plants confined to one stem always carry the finest heads of flowers and it pays to split up phlox every two years. There are two things worth bearing in mind about phlox—first, they are greedy feeders, and it will repay you to do them well and to feed them when they are growing; and, second, they hate drought. I think it worth while growing one of the species form of phlox, the lavender-coloured *paniculata*, which flowers up the stem, and which differs from the garden hybrids with their flat trussed heads of flowers. It has always been my ambition to have a phlox border; and if any of you have the place for one, and good loam in your garden, I should advise you not to hesitate, for you can get colour effects which are startling. There are dozens of good varieties, of which the following are just a few: 'Le Mahdi' (dark purple), 'Elizabeth Campbell' (light pink), 'Evelyn' (salmon pink, dwarf habit), and 'Etna' (red).

Then there is the whole tribe of irises. The flag irises are particularly useful, as they do well in almost any soil, especially lime, and their glaucous sword-shaped leaves are always attractive. They should be divided or planted in July or August, after flowering. Don't bury the rhizomes too deep; they should be just showing above the earth. Here are a few, all old and inexpensive varieties suitable for an herbaceous border: 'Lord of June' (lavender blue, with glorious scent), 'Pallida Dalmatica' (pale blue), and 'Primrose' (a good shade of pale yellow). Then there are *iris sibirica*; although they like a damp soil they will do well in a properly cultivated border. The variety called 'Perry's Heavenly Blue' is a lovely thing.

It is very seldom that one sees a herbaceous border in which some of the double Chinese peonies are not a feature. Apart from their heavenly-scented flowers their leaves help to furnish a border, especially in the autumn, when they turn red. Remember you cannot give them too rich a soil, and they like some shade. Once planted, they should never be moved if you can avoid doing so, as they take two or three years to recover. September is the best month for planting. Don't put anything within a yard of them or they will swamp it. The newest, largest and loveliest varieties are expensive. At the Chelsea Show I fell for one called 'Globe of Light', which was an extravagance, but there are any number which are almost equally lovely and more moderate in price. I would suggest the following: 'Indispensable' (pink), 'Lady Carrington' (silvery pink), 'Enchantress' (white), and 'Constant Devnet' (carmine).

Some of the earlier flowering single varieties are delightful with their delicately cut leaf foliage. Here are the names of one or two: 'Albiflora', 'Queen of May' (rich rose), 'Carnea' (pink), 'Terrifolia' (red), and 'Lemon Queen' (yellow).

Another good herbaceous plant is anachua. It makes a bushy plant about four feet high, and the flowers are of a true gentian blue. You can raise it from seed but it is best increased by root cuttings. It has a root like a carrot and pieces about two inches long placed, cut end up, will root easily in sand. The best varieties are 'Italica, Dropmore variety' (a gentian blue), 'Opal' (pale sky blue), and 'Pride of Dover' (a darker blue).

If you remember in my previous talk on herbaceous borders I spoke about a larch pole background for your border, with roses and clematis growing up the posts and on large mesh wire netting in between the posts. Here are a few names of roses which are suitable for the purpose and which do well with normal conditions: 'Paul's Scarlet climber' (one of the best and worth a place in every garden), 'American Pillar' (rose and white, a terrific grower and free flowerer), 'Emily Gray' (golden yellow). Then there are the climbing varieties of 'General McArthur', 'Madame Edouard Herriot', 'Mrs. W. J. Grant', and others.

Clematis makes a really lovely background to an herbaceous border, because it provides a mass of bloom from June till the first frosts. I always wonder why people don't make more use of it on walls and houses, as it is possible to get an effect which is quite remarkable. It is true that it has a nasty habit of dying off for no apparent reason and that it requires good drainage and some shade for its roots, but I think its difficulties are greatly exaggerated. The best known are the Jackman group; *C. Jackmani*, which one sees on nearly every cottage, is a real feature of the English landscape in the late summer; the effect of its masses of purple flowers against a whitewashed cottage is perfect. Other good varieties are 'Gipsy Queen', 'Comtesse de Bouchard' (a squashed strawberry colour). This group flowers on the new wood and should be cut down to within a foot of the ground in February. The other group require little pruning except to cut out the dead wood and to keep them within bounds. Here are the names of a few of my favourites: 'Beauty of Worcester' (violet), 'Lady Northcliffe' (one of the best of all, deep lavender), 'Nelly Moser' (light mauve-pink with red stripes), 'Henry' (a giant white), 'Princes of Wales' (deep mauve), and 'Ville de Lyon' (dark crimson, really distinctive colour).

I have refrained from giving you the names of any varieties of herbaceous plants which are very expensive to get, because you would not thank me if I told you to buy a peony which cost three or four guineas, however lovely it might be.

All the plants which I have referred to so far flower before the end of July. As I explained in my previous talk, you cannot have an herbaceous border in flower for five months in the year, and many people prefer to have a mass of bloom for two months in the year rather than a small display of bloom over a longer period. But that does not mean that with careful planning and experience it is not possible to have a border to be proud of from early May to the end of September. A edging of alpine and bulbs such as scillas which soon die down will introduce colour very early in the spring, while michaelmas daisies, chrysanthemums and helleniums will carry on until the frosts come.

Report on Crossword No. 131

A difficult puzzle, which few competitors were able to complete even with the help of the 'Diamond' SVA (8 down), which Sir George Birdwood explains at length, was unfamiliar to many and rendered the approach to Earshot (7 across) difficult. (Hot ears may result from a suspicion that one is the subject of an unheard conversation.) Alternatives were offered for 30 across and 44 down. If *aie-aie* is a recognised variant of *aye-aye*, EAI satisfies 30; but EIR seems to fail, as *rie* cannot be doubled. ART for 44 is difficult to justify. Though *tar* means 'incite to fight', it has no close connection with a wild goat.

Prizewinners: C. M. Jenkin Jones (Bootham); W. A. Jesper (Haxby); and J. Scholes (Lough-ton).

NOTES

Diamond. English History; Echoing Gallery.
Across.—7. Hot ears; 12. Anag. mania; 14. Mpret, trump; 17. A-rmou-r, routh; 19. Anag. ogive; 20. A-greeme-nt; 22. Blackmore's Lorna Doone; 25. Beano; 27. Thackeray; 35. 'Some feelings time cannot benumb'; Byron; 39. D-odma-n; 45. Anag. tium; 46. King Lear, I, 4; 47. The Three R's error; 50. 'Rungs of the Ladder—IX', LISTENER, July 20, 1932.
Down.—1. Mammoth (rept.); 4. Francis Quarles, Emblems, III, 5; 5. Ingratitude; 8. Anag. vas. See Preface of Birdwood's SVA; 9. Having; 10. Diego, ogeed; 18. Melon, ode; 19. Pope's Epistle to the Earl of Burlington, line 139 (Moral Essays); 21. Chaucer, Tale of Melibee; 22. Cuer, cure; 24. Tirl; 29. Nomology, Solomon; 30. Leman; 38. Acrogens without rone; 40. Anag. year; 43. Rut-ela; 44. Tur (Caucasian).

1	A	N	T	I	S	E	A	R	S	H	O	T
2	A	M	A	I	N	N	S	C	A	V	A	G
3	M	P	R	T	G	Y	H	S	H	A	V	E
4	M	U	G	L	R	M	O	U	V	O	G	I
5	O	S	I	E	M	E	R	G	E	R	I	D
6	T	S	L	T	E	L	T	A	L	E	A	N
7	H	Y	E	L	L	O	P	L	U	S	H	G
8	E	I	K	R	I	D	I	L	U	C	E	A
9	N	I	S	I	B	E	N	U	M	B	L	U
10	A	G	A	T	E	O	D	M	A	L	Y	T
11	M	A	C	R	O	N	E	U	E	U	T	U
12	E	N	G	U	A	R	D	R	R	R	E	O
13	L	A	S	T	E	R	Y	T	Y	B	U	R

Points from Letters

The Promenade Concerts

at grounds, beyond his own opinion, has Mr. Eric Blom decrying the second parts of these concerts, and for asserting 'the best listeners' leave at the interval? Others have been and written in much the same strain, and one often finds gratification expressed by these same superior people at improvement in the vocal items given in the first parts.

I would much sooner hear the whole of a concert, with perhaps news in the interval, than the rather formal first part, followed by news and a talk, or gramophone records of dance music, or items by a small orchestra or even a quintet: in any case a very thin and unsatisfying affair by comparison with what we have just heard and are missing at the moment. The easy, informal air and the disregard of rigid time limits, too, could bring back a little of that human spirit that the B.B.C. seems to lack nowadays. And what do we get in place of the improvised ballads of other days? Random snatches of opera, partly incomprehensible if sung in the original tongue (and in many cases it is as well that we cannot understand) or clumsy translations into English, infinitely more sloppy than the most ordinary ballad of our youth!

The Proms. afford the opportunity to provide the ordinary listener with satisfying, digestible fare at a time of year when people wish to exert themselves unduly; in addition there is an assured audience for this sort of music present in the hall to hearten the performers; and too many interfering busybodies see in them only another opportunity to get in some moral uplift. I do not suggest that the standard be not kept up, even raised; but the effort should not be so obvious.

W. W. PADFIELD
L. J. VOSS

Election Symbols in Germany

I have recently returned from a short tour in Germany, and I am therefore deeply interested in Dr. Delisle Burns' article in THE LISTENER of September 14. I was, however, puzzled by his suggestion to 'the three arrows of the Socialists'. I understood that the election symbol represented the 'Iron Front' of the Catholic Centre, Social Democrats and Communists against Hitler; this explains both the triple nature of the symbol and the comparative infrequency of the hammer and sickle, an infrequency doubly surprising to a frequenter of London working-class districts in which Communists appear to have a monopoly of road-surface propaganda.

D. RUSSELL LEGGATT

Time and a Fourth Dimension

In a recent correspondence, Mr. Harvey mentioned the difficulty of the conception of time as a dimension. His definition was, I think, a little narrow. I should like to define the dimensions as the fundamental properties of a phenomenon which enable us to express it in the form of an equation. The necessity of a time dimension then becomes obvious—an instantaneous body exists only in the imagination.

This discussion of the nature of time, however, seems to have no bearing on the 'foreseeing of the future'. Is it not patent that the inability to prophesy the future is merely a direct consequence of the ignorance of the present? In directions where knowledge is most complete, there we predict with the greatest accuracy both the immediate and distant futures. We are able to forecast astronomical phenomena with certainty owing to our ability to appreciate the comparatively few variables which can have effect. The other extreme is provided by the workings of the human mind. Our astonishing ignorance of the variables which can effect behaviour make the prophetic psychologist almost as little to be relied upon as our friend the rubber expert.

Each cause has its effect, and when we complete our knowledge of the present the future is at once in our hands.

W. E. HOARE

In the theory of relativity, time multiplied by the imaginary mathematical quantity, the square root of minus one, has some properties of a dimension; but the idea that time *itself* is a fourth dimension must be ascribed, not to mathematics, but to fiction, accurate writing, and mysticism. Time multiplied by an imaginary quantity, however, does not appear to be so real as the three known dimensions; and, even mathematically, the similarity is hardly complete without further mathematical juggling. I am inclined, therefore, to accept time multiplied by the square root of minus one as a pseudo-fourth-dimension; I think time itself should be conceived of as just the reality which seems to most of us, until established fact compels us to alter our conception.

On the other hand, Mr. E. Harvey's suggestion in THE LISTENER of September 14, that 'the three known dimensions of

length, height and breadth account for every possible direction in which a body can expand' requires proof. The fact that we know of no other direction is no proof that there is no other direction in which it can expand; and I think we ought at least to be prepared to consider solutions of physical problems involving a fourth dimension, should no simpler solutions appear possible.

Bath

W. W. PADFIELD

Parliament Yesterday and To-day

It is plain from Mr. Morrison's reply, published in THE LISTENER of September 14, to my criticism of his talk as appeared in your issue of August 31, that he belongs consciously or unconsciously to the old school of constitutional history, as written to a lesser extent by Hallam and to a larger extent by the late Bishop Stubbs, who brought in the middle of the nineteenth century his famous classic treatise of constitutional history. Now the so-called 'every school boy's history book' generally drew its information, and incidentally also its mistakes, from Stubbs.

In the latter part of the nineteenth century German scholars questioned the generalisations of Stubbs; they were supported later by French historians, as Professor Pasquay; all of them, in turn, have the support of the Cambridge expert in early constitutional history, Mr. Gaillard Lapsley. This new school pointed out that Dr. Stubbs was so infatuated with the rights of the people and the Parliamentary system that the conclusions he drew from his data were warped. Thus there are two conflicting and inconsistent views running through his work:

- (1) That Parliamentary growth was empiric.
- (2) That it always rested on the eternal rights of the people.

This latter view made him read democratic interpretations into early mediæval institutions, which were incapable of bearing them, because they were monarchical and aristocratic. Thus innovators like Simon de Montfort and Edward I were supposed to be enlightened rulers, who gave the people rights that were rightly theirs, in calling them to Parliament. This view to-day is out of date. Underneath Mr. Morrison's description of the Plantagenets and their Parliaments there was the ghost of Stubbs still surviving. The object of my note was to point this out.

It is plain from these observations that to look at every kingship through democratic spectacles would give anyone a crooked picture. This seems to be the hardship of Mr. Morrison. Teutonic kingship was based upon blood-right. A new king was chosen not by election, but by selection, which is a completely different thing. Uncction and coronation were ceremonies of recognition. By themselves they could not make a man a king. Kingship was in the blood. It is here where a clue can be discovered to the privileged position of kings, which has curiously survived into the modern constitution. Their privileges did not originate in law in the modern sense, *i.e.*, the Austinian, because such law did not exist. They originated in the very nature of kingship, in its majesty and nobility.

In mediæval times law was regarded as eternal and immutable. The king, as the source of wisdom and the fountain of justice, declared by intuition the law in judgment. If the law flowed from the king in his rendering justice, he transcended it, being the creator of law, and was only morally bound to obey it. If he did not, 'there was no legal procedure whereby the king could be punished or compelled to make redress'. These are the words of Professor Maitland. In other words, the king is above the law. Bracton expressly substantiates this view in the thirteenth century and adds: 'The king is below no man, but he is below God and the law; . . . the king is bound to obey the law, though, if he break it, his punishment must be left to God'. This is exactly what I have maintained right along, namely, the king is both above and under the law.

Mr. Morrison has tried to make capital of my statement, 'That is why, even to-day in law, the king is privileged', by taking it away from its context, and then enquiring, 'How, if the king derives his position from the law, can he be said to be above it?' The answer is simple. The attributes of the king as those of not being able to do or think wrong do not emanate from statute law, the equivalent to Mr. Morrison's 'by-law'. On the other hand, they are recognised 'in law', *i.e.*, common law, as transcending law itself. That is, the king in law is recognised to be above the law in certain respects because of the nature of kingship. Thus he cannot be sued or brought before an earthly tribunal. Even to-day, men in the king's service, when they do wrong, could effectually protect themselves by pleading that the king can do no wrong. Nothing can be more conclusive than this in showing that the statement—the idea of the king above the law has always been repugnant to English thought—can never be maintained. The idea is erroneous.

London, W. 2

F. W. OBEYESÈKERE

Professor Macmurray's Philosophy of Life

In view of the wide interest taken in Professor J. Macmurray's philosophy of life as expounded in his two series of B.B.C. talks, and renewed as a result of the recent publication of those talks in book form, will you allow me to say that the London Group of the Personal Politics Movement (which, as I have stated in a previous letter, came into existence largely through a group of listeners desirous of following up the clue suggested in the Modern Dilemma talks) proposes to go carefully through the book for the purpose of reaching a clearer and fuller understanding of the philosophy it embodies, and would be very pleased to have the co-operation of anyone genuinely interested, even if not identified with the Group?

The meetings will be held in central London on alternate Tuesday evenings, beginning on October 11 next; particulars may be obtained by writing: BM/PERPOL, London, W.C.1. Watford R. W.

Making the Blood too Hot for the Germ

Your correspondent in the issue of August 31 says that diathermy is not successful in paresis. Is it not possible that he is mistaken? Is his 'Snark' not a 'Boojum'? He also avers that diathermy is easier to apply than malaria. That is his opinion. Malaria is not caused by a trypanosome.

In his next paragraph this correspondent 'accuses' (his own word!) me of a want of knowledge and, in the same fact, shows his pathetic want of knowledge of physics. He accuses me of being ingenious when I repeat a mere commonplace of physical science, the universal explanation of any periodic function. My

answer to his longest paragraph is short; how can I make it impressive? He is confusing the life cycle with a temperature cycle during part of the life cycle. If he will clear this paragraph of the fog of technical terms he will see that he is talking nonsense. do not propose to give diathermy to the expectant anopheles!

The correspondent does not understand my penultimate paragraph. That is his fault, not mine. He tells me what he thinks I should want to say in the circumstances if I were he. He will require to revise his methods of dealing with truth before he can be dogmatic about anything, and then he will not be dogmatic. What I did say, in other words, was: if you study disease, you may have a new disease for every paragraph; if you study health, there are but two diseases, a cold and a fever.

Glasgow

ADAM BLACK

(This correspondence is now closed.—EDITOR)

The Unknown Worker

Many thanks for Mr. Hugh Thomas' article on the 'Nailmaker of the Black Country'. Mr. Thomas, however, should know that it is chain-making and not nail-making which is the particular famous domestic industry of the districts he mentions. In the photograph reproduced, with the article distinctly shows the 'oliver' or hammer worked by a treadle which is used for fastening the links.

A local chain maker was at any rate a person of some distinction. I have often heard a Black Country urchin end an argument illogically but decisively in his favour by declaring that his father was a 'chain mekker'.

Birmingham

A. J. C.

Spain: Europe's Youngest Republic

(Continued from page 434)

together in the darkness about nine o'clock. His pay, he told me, was a peseta a day. 'A peseta a day', he added casually, 'when I'm in work, but they don't always want me'. He was only a goatherd, on sevenpence a day, but he spoke thoughtfully, and he came well out of his way to show me to my inn, and with quiet dignity refused the equivalent of a day's wage with which I tried to repay his kindness. He had merely done what good manners demanded.

During the Dictatorship, new railways and roads were constructed, and old ones, especially the roads, were improved. This created much employment. Spain's roads, though dusty and, egg-wise, 'bad in parts', are a fine network. Buses run everywhere—few of them English. In the richer parts, they are luxurious, in the poorer parts, tolerable—the inside filled with a merry, jostling crowd, the outside piled up with miscellaneous luggage, from your own bag to your neighbour's bedstead. The old coaching days at thirty miles an hour! The railway and road improvements were partly intended to serve those wonderful exhibitions at Barcelona and Seville in the last years of the Dictatorship. These exhibitions provided much work and attracted many tourists; hence the approval of the Dictatorship in hotels and shops. But the exhibitions ended, and left behind them unemployment.

The world financial crisis produced in Spain the same effect as the War. Then came the revolution. Public works, especially the railways under construction, were abandoned. There is a railway crisis in Spain as elsewhere. Some of the abandoned lines may never be finished.

So Spain has her unemployment problem—bad enough indeed, though not so bad as ours. The revolting General Sanjurjo, in his recent highly coloured manifesto, spoke of thousands of families reduced to despair. If only we could talk of thousands, and be suspected of exaggeration! Not unnaturally, I noticed a revival of begging, which almost disappeared under the Directory. Occasionally, well-dressed men, shame-faced and new to the trade, would approach me and ask for alms—skilled men, technical experts, perhaps. Unemployment is finding victims in unusual quarters.

Unemployment is not confined to industry. The world financial crisis prevented Spain's foreign customers from taking much of her agricultural produce. Some time ago an S.O.S. from a southern port described incredible quantities of grapes rotting on the quays. The foreign market had collapsed, and they would not bear the cost of transport to the home markets. Incidentally, the same message described local miners as receiving two pesetas for an eight-hour day. Miners, with a family, on two pesetas a day! An extreme case, no doubt, but no wonder the South is in a lawless state, and a prey to communism.

The Government's agrarian reform policy embraces all Spain, but it is especially directed to the relief of the South. The Constitution provided for the socialisation of all the nation's wealth. There is to be compensation. There is to be compulsory expropriation, if necessary. The agrarian reform Act deals with complicated matters of land tenure and cultivation, into which I cannot enter. The point of interest is that it applies the principle of socialisation to the land. Some of the clauses have been hotly

contested, especially those concerning the terms of expropriation and of new tenure. Dissatisfaction has been rankling, and came out in the recent revolt. This has given the Government a happy idea for settling part of the expropriation problem. It is confiscating the estates of the revolting leaders and the idea is growing.

The republican Government has done much besides giving the country a new Constitution and settling the three problems I have sketched in outline. But I have concentrated on the because the solutions adopted give a new orientation to Spanish politics, and a new basis for Spanish religious and economic life. The Government's legislative achievement is remarkable. Still, the solutions often represent a compromise, even with D.O.R.A. silencing the worst of the opposition. Will the structure stand? Obviously many Spaniards think so. Obviously many do not.

In June, republican friends warned me that they expected trouble from the extreme Right or Left. It came from the Right, and from the army. In August, General Sanjurjo risked saying publicly what he clearly knew many were saying privately. In the manifesto he issued to start his recent revolt, he accused the Government of all the crimes and mistakes in the calendar. It is an old Spanish custom for a general to issue a manifesto, and for the Government to run away. This time the Government refused to honour custom. They acted promptly and vigorously. The revolt was badly organised, and failed ignominiously. In his defence, General Sanjurjo, a high republican official, declared that he had not led a monarchist revolt. He had revolted to save the Republic from the extreme Socialist Left. But monarchists were among his supporters, and attention was concentrated on them. For the time being, the Republic was strengthened by their participation in the abortive revolt.

Readers of Mrs. Sidney Webb's talk on page 429 of this issue will be glad to have her suggestions for reading on Soviet Russia. For a general description, *Soviet Russia* by W. F. Chamberlin (Duckworth, 25s.) and *Civic Training in Soviet Russia* and *Making Bolsheviks*, both by Samuel N. Harper (Chicago University Press). For the psychology of the peasants, *Humanity Uprooted* (Cape, 15s.) and *Red Bread* (Cape, 12s. 6d.) by M. Hindus. Good and clear is *Russia's Five Year Plan*, by Michael Farberman (New Republic, New York, \$1). For an interesting sketch of a rapid journey through the new industrial areas, see *The Soviet Five Year Plan* by H. R. Knickerbocker (John Lane, 7s. 6d.). For a good critical travel book see *Bolshevism in Perspective* by Captain J. de Vere Loder, M.P. (Allen and Unwin, 12s. 6d.). A good, brief and cheap account of a year's residence will be found in *A Student in Russia*, by Paul Winterton (Co-operative Union, Holyoake House, Manchester, price 7d. post free). A useful insight into Soviet thought is afforded by *Leninism*, by Joseph Stalin (Allen and Unwin, 7s. 6d.); see also *Communism*, by H. J. Laski (Home University Library, 2s. 6d.). An interesting philosophic survey of Russian thought from a Roman Catholic standpoint is given in *The Russian Revolution*, by Nicholas Berdyaev (Sheed and Ward, 2s. 6d.).

Books of the Week

Memoirs, Vol. IV—1849-1897. By Prince von Bülow. Putnam. 25s.

Selected Essays. By T. S. Eliot. Faber. 12s. 6d.

Reviewed by V. SACKVILLE-WEST

HAVE not read the first three volumes of the Bülow Memoirs, which I understand deal with the foreign policy of the German Empire. I am assured, however, that they are vivid, personal to the point of egoism, and immensely important. I take that assurance on trust. The fourth volume, however, deals with the childhood and youth of von Bülow and, as such, establishes contact upon a less inhuman plane. It is interesting to read about the childhood of any intelligent person, and that Prince von Bülow is curious in the extreme. His father was a legate at Frankfurt at a time when the Diet of Frankfurt was all a reality. His colleagues were Gortchakoff and Count Otto

Bismarck, subsequently the Chancellor. He romped with Queen Alexandra in the nursery, and upon his walks he observed the bent figure of Hopfenhauer scuttling along the shaded boulevards. His father, who subsequently became head of the German Foreign Office, was evidently an alert old man. It is quite clear that from the very outset he observed in the character of his son the conflict between great ambition and inordinate humility. Bernhard von Bülow was snubbed by his father, and when one reads this volume one is left with the impression that he was not snubbed quite enough. The story proceeds. He goes to Halle and then to Lausanne. He has many love-affairs which he describes with a wealth of detail which makes one ashamed. The Franco-Prussian War breaks out and he joins the Hussars. He is careful to assure us how magnificently he behaved in the capacity of a Hussar non-commissioned officer. Familiar names float up to us through the war-diary—Bapaume, Neuveville, Amiens. Young von Bülow, with his squadron, rode along the roads which were lined by trenches in 1914. Hereafter he enters the diplomatic service. He works in the German Foreign Office. He becomes Attaché in Rome. He is transferred to St. Petersburg.

He is again transferred to Berlin and then moved to Vienna. From there he goes to Paris, where he establishes intimate relations both with Gambetta and the Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward VII. In the interval he had been in charge of the German Legation in Greece and had met the maid of Athens face to face. He describes her as 'a monstrously fat woman'. 'I stared', he writes, 'after the waddling old woman whose silhouette appeared twice as ugly in the limpid Greek sea'. But there were other women in Prince von Bülow's life who were neither old nor waddling. He tells us, with distressing frankness, of his several affairs. Obviously such lack of reserve is to be deprecated. Yet somehow the very frankness of Prince von Bülow, his amusement at his own adventures, mingles well with his vivid pictures of Bismarck, the Emperor William and the rest. This is a book which everyone will like and of which all lively nice people will disapprove.

Prince von Bülow's early memories may provide reading for everybody, but to the fastidious reader I would now like to recommend the *Selected Essays* of T. S. Eliot. These essays are chosen by Mr. Eliot himself out of work done by him since the year 1917. I recommend them not because I delude myself into the belief that Mr. Eliot will ever find appreciation among a very large number of people, but because I honestly believe him to stand among the most acute of contemporary critics, and certainly among the most notable of contemporary poets. I think, therefore, that I should be guilty of dishonesty towards myself and towards you if I failed to draw your attention to this book of essays, however stiff you may find it to read. I do not say that

you will enjoy it; you certainly will not, unless you happen to have an austere and scholarly taste, akin to the taste of Mr. Eliot himself. You may find, indeed, that it leaves you feeling as though you had bitten into a sloe; and if you have ever bitten into a sloe you will know what I mean—as though your mouth were all dried up suddenly by a strangely astringent juice. Mr. Eliot's criticism has this astringent quality. It is severe and dry. It is restrained and unemotional; above all, it is not in the least picturesque. It makes no concessions to the popular taste. It stands at the very opposite pole to the popularisation of literature—those snippets from the recognised great; those paths

made easy for us to a nodding acquaintance with great minds, though not to any real comprehension of them; that cheapening; that skimming, superficial knowledge which enables us to talk of this thing or that; so shallow, so convenient, and so really contemptible. Mr. Eliot, thank heaven, is one of the few writers left to keep himself clean from all this smirch of a vulgar publicity; witness the very few essays that he has collected into this volume out of the many years that have elapsed between 1917 and 1932. Fifteen years—a long time to produce a smallish book at the end of it, even though that book takes in such various subjects as Christopher Marlowe, Dante, Euripides, Seneca, Shakespeare, Dryden, Blake, Swinburne, Baudelaire, Wilkie Collins, and Dickens. Mr. Eliot's range may be wide, but it is also deep. And it is also, as I said before, astringent. It screws one's standard of values up to the keenest pitch. Do you remember those lines of Andrew Marvell?

He nothing common did, or mean,
Upon that memorable scene,
But with his keener eye,
The axe's edge did try.

Those lines applied in Marvell's intention to the execution of Charles I; but, like all really great poetry, they have an

application outside their actual subject. For instance, one can apply them to Mr. Eliot. He nothing common does, or mean; and with his keener eye he tries the axe of literary criticism all the time.

The axe of literary criticism may seem, to many, an axe not worth grinding. There are other, more active, things in life, you may say. But whatever one believes in is surely worth believing in with all one's heart, whether it be literature, or farming, or banking or politics. And Mr. Eliot does believe in his own profession. He does believe in the power of the written word. That is a belief worthy of respect. And Mr. Eliot holds it. So, if you read his book of essays, and if you think it rather too dry and rather too scholarly, do, at least, realise that there is a real conviction behind it; the conviction that books matter, that intelligent thought matters, that literature matters, and is not a dead thing. For what is writing, after all—the best writing, the best books—but the best sifting-out of the best minds? Writing is the only record we can hope to have of such minds. It may put us into a severe school. Mr. Eliot, who has a severe taste, puts us into a very severe school indeed. It requires some effort on our part to follow him. But, truly, the effort is worth while.

Miss Sackville-West concluded her broadcast on September 19 with an appeal to listeners to send books and papers they no longer want to the National Hospital Library Society, 22 George Street, Hanover Square, W. 1.

Harvest

'The bow shall be in the cloud'

*On the grey bitter mornings
when the dead land stiffens beneath its grey shroud,
men with bowed heads lead old
stumbling horses, lugging dung,
down broken lanes, between the blackening bones
of trees, to the meadows sickly, anise-sweet
with vile decay.*

*But in high summer,
in the season when they pile hot hay
in the cold dark church-like barns,
when the young sap leaping up beneath the moss
has caused the barren boughs travail
and groan with bearing, in the season
when the fox furred bracken falls
before the yelping scythes, they then
with shouting bells banging backwards
and forwards, gladly come
into the old dark barn-like church,
with their fruitage, with the thin
clean voice of their children, and the low
sibilants of prayer lingering, with the wordless joy
at the maturity of their hopes, and the justification
of spent blood and magnificent striving.*

*Oh Lord of the mind's, the spirit's harvest,
grant that this be a prophecy
to us who in these latter days are young,
weary of grim grey lowering sky
sick as we lug dung, dung.*

JOHN SHORT

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Browning and the Twentieth Century

By A. Allen Brockington. Milford. 15s.

THE COMPLETE TITLE of this book—*A Study of Robert Browning's Influence and Reputation*—is not an apt description of its origin or purpose, but has been chosen by an old and thorough student of the poet as an excuse for writing on a favourite subject. Browning has passed into the blood of English poetry, but the forty odd years that have passed since his death have not been long enough for him to be accepted without question, nor long enough for his reputation to have survived the reaction that followed the popular vogue for his work. The long bibliographical note shows that the stream of books upon him is continuous, but, as the author shows, the later of these have mostly been more or less popular volumes in which Browning the lover has an increasing share, culminating in the theatrical success of the play by Mr. Besier. Now this interest, genuine enough in its own kind, is not the same thing as an influence on later poets and poetry, and it is hard to believe that Browning has had any consciously felt influence on the poets named by Mr. Brockington: John Davidson (died 1909) hardly belongs to the present century; Kipling (born 1865) is characteristically Victorian; John Masefield is a 'realist', surely, rather in the tradition of the realist novelists of the 'eighties; W. H. Davies is a child of nature who would have written as he does in any age; Flecker, who claimed to be so influenced, would not be considered very modern by the modernists; Hardy, who does so seem to them, must remain, as the author admits, subject for conjecture here. Again, 'the language of conversation' can be attributed to Wordsworth, a pastoral poet, though the invention of the dramatic lyric was Browning's own, and he wrote mainly of urban people.

The crux of the modern reaction from Browning concerns that fatal quotation from 'Pippa Passes': 'All's right with the world'. To those without it, nothing is quite so odious as optimism. In their context these lines express nothing more than a child's high spirits on a bright morning of holiday, and by restoring the context Mr. Brockington has done what a critic may to dissipate misunderstanding. Still, Browning was not only courageous, but breezy, and that has blinded casual people to the noble element in his courage which he himself compared to 'that depth of conviction which is so like despair'. Optimism is a vulgar word for a vulgar and shallow emotion, and Browning should be freed from the virtual misquotation which has made it attributable to him. Evolution was largely accepted by optimists, and the day may come when people will find it as impossible to accept evolution because it implies progress as the nineteenth century found it easy because it implied progress.

The thesis is at its strongest in the discussion of Browning as a lover, and here the author includes the poet's denials of the frequent rumours that he was about to re-marry, denials worth quoting because the rumours are not dead. The chapter on Browning's reputation as a mystic is more open to debate, for he can only be included among mystics in the sense that all poets must be. He did not claim to have had a first-hand experience of reality, which is their peculiar claim, but rather to have had something less, which yet sufficed him. Not, then, the main argument but the things said by the way are those for which this book is worth reading. The writer's admiration is infectious, and one comes upon unfamiliar criticisms such as this: 'Of all the poets who have written much on music, Browning's poems are the least about music as such. One could almost affirm that he was not interested in music for its own sake (I mean from the witness of the poems)'. In his discussion of Browning's obscurity, the author might have pointed out that the principal reason for this is that the unit of sense and the unit of sound tally so seldom; but the bibliography alone proves that such difficulties, and critical fashions, have very little effect on the popularity of dead writers. Browning's admirers will enjoy the points debated by Mr. Brockington.

Monsieur Thiers. By J. S. M. Allison

Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d.

If it be true that every nation gets the kind of statesmen to rule it which it deserves, certainly we may take M. Thiers as the representative type of French politics during the nineteenth century. No country in the world endured such kaleidoscopic social changes as France between 1789 and 1871, ridden as she was by recurrent revolutions and decimated by war. Since so many of her national leaders suffered death or exile in the course of these catastrophes, it might be supposed that her political life would necessarily fall under a succession of short-lived mediocrities—as indeed to some extent has been the case with French politics. We find, however, that the career of one man, Thiers, provides a link between the days of Louis XVIII and the beginnings of the Third Republic, and that this career, opportunist, self-seeking and unsympathetic as it may appear to English minds accustomed to label their Greys, Peels, Palmers-

tons or Gladstones according to their concrete achievements or a consistent political philosophy, is truly representative of the mind of France through the greater part of the century. Professor Allison does not attempt to make a saint or a genius of Thiers, whose life necessarily provides his biographer with opportunities for irony and humour. In a speech found on his desk after his death, Thiers wrote, 'National sovereignty, republic, liberty, scrupulous observations of law, liberty of religion, peace—these, my dear electors, are the opinions that I have held all my life'. These liberal opinions did not prevent him, however, from bobbing up under almost every one of the various régimes to which France submitted herself during his lifetime, from the despotism of Charles X to the constitutional monarchy of Louis Philippe, the radical republic of 1848, the Bonapartist revival, and finally the Third Republic. Thiers was always being called to office and then disappointing his friends and adherents and quarrelling with his master of the day. Yet the apparent instability of his career in office is offset by the fact of its correspondence with the slow and gradual march to social power of the French bourgeoisie. Thiers was fond of calling himself a 'Child of the Revolution', and this was true in the sense that he represented those prosaic, pacific, anticlerical influences which were eventually to bring France into the settled waters of the Third Republic. Professor Allison's biography makes exceedingly pleasant and lucid reading; its value necessarily lies in the key which it provides to the understanding of French politics, rather than to the somewhat unpleasing personality of its hero.

The Seventh Child. By Romilly John

Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

Although *Goodbye To All That* was a good book, in writing Mr. Robert Graves set a bad example. Every young man who has published a book of verse, as has Mr. John, or written a novel or flown the Atlantic or become an M.P. now seems to think it his duty to write his autobiography some time or other this side of thirty-five. It is hard to understand why these young men should so dearly love to reminisce—perhaps they want to appear older than they are. No doubt, too, one or two of them will some day achieve lasting fame and in their cases the task of future biographers will be lightened accordingly. But we cannot sincerely believe that such consideration is the main motive for the present flood of self-revelation. In the majority of cases the reason is one purely of vanity. In short, these young men are exhibitionists and they think, by exhibiting everything, from their ethical convictions to their style in baby linen, to attract attention. The public is of course largely to blame: it likes this kind of thing and, liking it, creates a demand for it, which, in these times of financial stress, the young man is seriously tempted to exploit. But, all the same, it is a pitiful state of affairs. How many of these young autobiographers, when they would amuse, only bore, and, when they would convince, succeed only in fostering hostility? If it is fame that they seek, how much better it would be for them to spend their time on some really creative work and remember, when they feel themselves falling into temptation, what Herrick said:

Let others to the Printing Press run fast,
Since after death comes glory, I'll not haste.

At first sight Mr. Romilly John would seem to have more justification for his present book than have most of his fellow autobiographers. His father, to start off with, is, alone, material for a whole book, and as it is the wealth of incident and character which Mr. John has at his disposal would make at least one very interesting novel. Unfortunately, however, *The Seventh Child* is the same type of egocentric retrospect we have come to expect from young men like Mr. John. He, with very few exceptions, is the central figure in the book. Augustus, his mother, Henry Lamb, Roy and Mary Campbell and other like figures move always in the background and, indeed, occur only when it is impossible for them to be kept out. Everything and everyone we see through the author's eyes and neatly labelled with his judgment and we have that unpleasant feeling that the judgment is considered of more importance than that which is judged.

The book tells the story of Mr. John's early years when he had not begun his own work and when he had really no other position than that of seventh child to a celebrated father—and even this we are told is only an approximate calculation. Some portions of it are written with considerable charm and not a few scenes sketched with delightful spontaneity. But as a whole it is too rambling and discontinuous and gives the impression that Mr. John wrote without thinking of what came before or of what was to follow. Above all it is far too self-conscious. If Mr. John can grow out of his present phase of self-absorption and throw off his not inconsiderable conceit—though this is ingeniously disguised—he will no doubt write some very good books, for his prose at its best is both lucid and adaptable and at its worst by no means unreadable.

The Oxford History of Music. Volume II Oxford University Press. 17s. 6d.

Dr. Agag, the good editor walks delicately: his duty is to treat other men's writings with mingled respect and ruthlessness. It is as true of the scholar who is responsible for the second edition of a standard work like *The Oxford History of Music*, as it is of the editor of a newspaper. Dr. Buck shows his quality as an editor more clearly in Volume II, which has at last appeared after the issue of some of the later volumes, than in Volume I, in which he was content merely to reprint with mistakes and omissions. He gave us a hint of his method in the Introductory Volume, in which he added to the original six first published thirty years ago, and it is an open secret that a seventh volume is to be added at the other end to bring the *Oxford History* up to date.

The first two volumes were entitled *The Polyphonic Period*, and were written by the late Professor H. E. Wooldridge. The central core of Wooldridge's work has stood the test of time and the main preserved in the new edition. Three of the earlier volumes, however, have been taken out and the topics they dealt with—ancient music, folk-song and other deep roots of music—have been relegated to special essays, in the Introductory Volume. The space so saved has been utilised in the present volume, and two more essays added, on Song by Mr. Westrup and on Early Instrumental Music by Mr. Gerald Perle. This has undoubtedly corrected the perspective of the history up to the sixteenth century, while preserving all that was valuable in the first edition as well as the editor's respect for the work of a great scholar. But here also his ruthlessness appears and may be equally applauded. Since 1900 a complete revaluation of English Tudor music has led to its revival in performance, and enthusiasts who turned to their old *Oxford Histories* found to their surprise that though some of the names appeared both in Volumes II and III, the period as a whole fell into a gap between the volumes so neatly as to leave no trace. The official historians, apparently, were not aware that this great school formed a special period, or that it had produced great composers. Byrd, for instance, the greatest of them all, was not allowed a place in the chapter headed 'The Perfection of the Method', and his music was dismissed as 'lacking in the persistently individual character which strikes us so forcibly' in the work of Whyte, Tallis and others.

Dr. Buck was one of the experts employed on the great new edition of Tudor Church Music, and his warm appreciations of these three composers are based on intimate and particular knowledge, but when he writes on Byrd he contradicts Wooldridge: 'while Byrd's still seems to-day fresh and convincing as ever, the residual impression of a feeling of his music is not of skill but of character; after the lapse of centuries he still speaks to us in his music with a personal accent'. The accounts of Palestrina and Victoria have also been revised by other hands, but less drastically, since the criticism was less. It is beyond a reviewer's province to comment on the changes of taste, critical outlook and methods of research which have made these revisions and additions necessary, but

it is his duty, as it is his pleasure, to record the important fact that they have been made and to reassure the reader that the consequent discrepancies in literary style during the course of a single volume are not unduly disturbing.

The Loyal Clans. By Audrey Cunningham Cambridge University Press. 30s.

Miss Cunningham's object is to explain the various causes that made the Highlands Jacobite: and to do this she has delved back to mediæval Scotland, and shown how the patriarchal system of the clans, in contrast to the feudal system prevailing elsewhere, led directly to the Highlanders' attachment to their hereditary kings. 'The clansmen supported their chief because they knew from experience that their hereditary and natural leader had their interests nearer at heart than any stranger, because he shared them; his power rested upon their good-will, and was bound up with their prosperity. In national affairs the king occupied a similar position, marked out from it by the same divine right, the natural right of birth, which no man could give, and which therefore could not be disputed'. But if there was loyalty to the king, there had also to be loyalty from the king: and it is on those two counts, of their divine right and their wish to do well by their people, that Miss Cunningham examines the relations of the Highlands to their rulers. The Stuarts had the divine right by birth, and they also, she considers, for all their failings, had this sense of loyalty to their people. Of James II she writes: 'It was by the better side of his rule that James was known to the clans, and that better side was extraordinarily good'; and she quotes the contemporary comment, 'He has quieted our Highland eruptions, without encouraging any opposition to Law'. William of Orange, on the other hand, had no right by birth (the clansmen felt towards him as they did to the stranger who, having married a chief's daughter, would try to succeed his father-in-law in the headship of the clan) and none at all by deeds 'He had no moral title to the loyalty of the Highlanders; for he had not their welfare at heart, and had no real intention of governing in their interest. William could not be to his Highland subjects what they understood a king to be, a father to his people'. And so it was almost inevitable that the Highlands should, longer than any other part of the country, remain actively loyal to the Stuarts.

This, stated briefly, is Miss Cunningham's thesis—fervently argued, for she is a firm royalist herself: and while it is possible to question her general conclusion, there is no doubt that it is built up on the most careful research and scholarship. Yet one puts down the 550 pages of this book with the feeling that there has been so much detail as to obscure the main point, that a history of Jacobite loyalty did not necessarily mean nearly the whole of the history of the Highlands—social, political, religious and economic—over 500 years. There is no question that Miss Cunningham's book will be a gold mine for future historians of the Highlands to quarry in. She has not failed to put everything in; but, to heighten the effect of the whole, it is often wiser to know what to leave out.

Mazzini in Fancy Dress

Mazzini: Prophet of Modern Europe. By Gwilym O. Griffith. Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.

MR. GRIFFITH'S book is a well-peppered biography written in a fashion which happily has just passed its zenith. 'And in the gathering dark the figures in the trellised balcony were blurred into still shadows, and the Overland with its myriad eyes became a brooding presence and the purple night, above the city and the sea. . . .

Giovanni Ruffini, with a few of the more reckless of his, affected Hypsilanti trousers—slightly balloonlike and round the ankles'. There are paragraphs and paragraphs of this kind of stuff. Mr. Griffith will not allow himself to write 'in the year 1837'. No, he must tell you that it was the year when the Girl-Queen ascended the throne and a young Mr. Disraeli (in bottle-green frock coat and fancy waistcoats) burst upon the House of Commons'. On the other hand difficult questions such as the antecedents of Mazzini's philosophy and mysticism are treated summarily, or superficially, and summed up in a sentence about 'a thousand influences, known and unknown . . . Jansenism, Bonapartism, Fathers Somaschi, Rousseau, Foscolo, Dante, Byron . . .', so one thinks of them all, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy, and Whiddon, 'arry 'awke, and the poor old grey mare.

Mr. Griffith had set out to write, with less garishness of style and more attention to his notes and references to authorities, an account of Mazzini's relations with his English friends; his book would have been interesting and useful; but if he wanted to get into the intricacies of the Italian Risorgimento, and to do so, he should have counted the cost before he began to write. A curious sentence in the 'Introduction' acknowledges Mr. Griffith's debt to Dr. Salvemini for 'valuable corrections and criticisms'. Mr. Griffith adds that he is writing 'under the pressure of time, not as many of these have been

incorporated in the text as the author could have wished'. Does a historian leave mistakes uncorrected 'owing to pressure of time'? Why not delay publication for a few weeks?

There is room for a new biography of Mazzini in English. Such a book would take full account of the primary and secondary sources available since the publication of Bolton King's *Life of Mazzini*. A historian who set himself the difficult task of writing this biography would not neglect the illuminating pages on Mazzini in Ruggiero's *History of European Liberalism*—a book which does not appear in Mr. Griffith's supplementary bibliography. He would avoid making fun of Cavour, and, if he wanted to take the history of Cavour's work and of his relations with Mazzini at second hand (though his conscience would surely not allow him to do this) he would use the work of Dr. Whyte in England or M. Paul Matter in France. Again, these books are not mentioned by Mr. Griffith, though he refers frequently to Thayer's *Life of Cavour*—a book which was published in 1911. It is unlikely that this new biographer of Mazzini would relegate to one sentence his bibliographical account of the national Italian edition of Mazzini's writings, and give only a score of references in his footnotes to this ponderous collection of more than fifty volumes. He would check his account of the political side of the Risorgimento from the original authorities and the most recent Italian work on the subject. Yet Mr. Griffith never refers (to take only one instance) to Raulich's *Storia del Risorgimento politico d'Italia*. In short, the biographer of Mazzini will remember that he is writing the history of a man of noble genius, and not the scenario of a 'costume' film. His biography will not, like the legendary Disraeli of 1837, wear fancy pantaloons; it will not 'burst upon' the public.

E. L. WOODWARD

Foreign Books

Von niederdeutscher und alemannischer Literatur

von DR. HANS FRIEDRICH BLUNCK

Die grossen Kultursprachen Europas sind wohl für den Fremden in Dichtung, Lehre und Wissenschaft Ausdruck der Völker, die sie tragen, aber sie sind in der Mehrzahl aller Länder nur die Sprachen begrenzter Schichten. Neben ihnen bestehen die Mundarten des Alltags, oft so stark von den Hochsprachen abweichend, dass sie von einem zum andern Volk kaum spürbare Uebergänge schaffen. Wo auf den Atlanten Grenzen laufen, wie etwa zwischen Hannover und Holland und zwischen Schleswig-Holstein und Dänemark, gelten diese Grenzen wohl für die Hochsprachen, die Volksmundarten aber ähneln einander oder gehen gar sanft ineinander über.

Nicht nur Mundarten, das heisst örtliche Sprachabweichungen gehen neben den Hochsprachen einher. Oft sind da auch wichtiger als Mundarten—abgezweigte Formen alter Sprachen, die sich hinter der volkstümlichen Sprechweise verbergen, ältere Gebilde also, die vor der Herrschaft der Amts- und Schriftsprachen ihr Recht verloren haben. Sie haben dafür den grossartigen Reichtum der Ursprachen an Stammworten und vielfältigen Abtönungen oft besser bewahrt, als viele durch Amt und Zeitung zur Schablone gewordenen Wortgruppen der Hochsprachen—Das gilt in zwei besonderen Fällen auch für Deutschland.

Wir müssen hier einige Worte über den geschichtlichen Werdegang einflechten.—Die erste Aufspaltung der südgermanischen Sprachen (die ungefähr das Gebiet südlich der Ostsee umfassen) trat ein, als sich ein Teil von ihnen rätselhaften Lautumbildungen unterwarf, welche—die Entwicklung kann hier nur angedeutet werden—zu dem späteren Mittelhochdeutsch führten. Die Stämme an der Nordsee, die Uferfranken, Friesen, Sachsen und Angeln, folgten diesen Lautumbildungen nicht und sprachen noch Jahrhunderte hindurch eine ältere Form, die etwa dem damaligen Angelsächsischen der brittischen Inseln nahe stand. Diese Stämme haben bis heute in zäher Beharrlichkeit viele alte Sprachformen bewahrt, die in den sogenannten Plattdeutschen oder niedergermanischen Sprachkreisen lebendig sind.

In ähnlicher Weise wie in Niederdeutschland hat sich im alemannischen Stamm, der die Schweiz, das Elsass und das südliche Württemberg und Baden umfasst, das Oberdeutsch in mancherlei Formen erhalten und ist als Mundart im alemannischen Sprachgebiet neben dem Hochdeutschen lebendig geblieben, das erst im 14. Jahrhundert aus der sächsischen Kanzleisprache hervorging. Ich brauche kaum hinzufügen, dass das Niederdeutsch und das Alemannische durch die gemeinsame Erhaltung mancher älterer Lautformen viele gemeinsame Formen aufweisen (Wieb für Weib, Hus für Haus, Fründ für Freund.)

Der literarische Niederschlag dieser Sprachformen ist geschichtlich sehr verschieden. Die Alemannen haben durch Hebel, der 1803 in Lörracher (Badener) Mundart einen Band Gedichte veröffentlichte, den Klassiker ihrer Dichtung gefunden. Johann Peter Hebel ist gleichsam der Geist seiner Landschaft; seine Dichtung lebt fröhlich und träumend in ihrer Natur und im Wesen des alemannischen Menschen, dessen kleine Freuden ein grosser lyrischer Dichter besingt. Aber auch das Lehrhafte kommt in seinen Werken zum Ausdruck, dazu die Frömmigkeit und das konservative Wesen der grossen Heimatkunst, die das Wesen der Landschaft gegen die ausgleichende oder aber auch gegen die aufrührerisch modernisierenden Einflüsse der Hochsprache wahren möchte.

Hebels Schaffen fand seinen stärksten Widerhall in der Schweiz, wo die mundartliche Dichtung in einzelnen Versen schon bis zum 'Dreikönigspiel von Lungern' (17. Jahrhundert) zurückreicht. Eine grosse Zahl von Namen folgt dem ersten Erwecker; unter ihnen ist Korrodi zu nennen, ferner der Togenburger Rütlinger, der Kunsthistoriker Jacob Burchardt, der in Amerika verschollene Schulmeister Jacob Stutz, der Dichter der Volksspiele Alfred Huggenberger und der Epiker Simon Gfäller, der in der Art des Hochdeutsch schreibenden Jeremias Gotthelf das Schweizer Bauernleben in seiner alten Form zu verteidigen sucht.

Wertvoller als diese etwas breite Dichtung des letzten Jahrhunderts ist das Schaffen der gegenwärtigen Generation, die sich in Hermann Burte—ich nenne seinen Gedichtband *Madlee*—vom lyrischen Heimatgedicht bis zur Aufschliessung des modernen Lebens erhebt, die dem Volk in dem Dichter Vortisch einen reichen Schatz an Kinderliedern schenkte, und die in Meinard Lienert den stärksten Lyriker der Gegenwart weckte. Lienert, dem übrigens gerade in diesen Tagen von der Schweizer Schillerstiftung ein jährliches Ehrengeld ausgesetzt wurde, hat in drei Versbüchern *Schwäbelpfiffli* eine grosse Zahl von

Gedichten gesammelt, in deren einigen er ebenso wie Hermann Burte die künstlerische Kraft Johann Peter Hebels erreicht und wohl auch übersteigt.*

Eine ganz andere Entwicklung hat die niedersächsische Literatur genommen. Die Sprache hat ihr Stammland zwischen Westfalen und Schleswig-Holstein, sie dehnt sich im Mittelalter zur Hansezeit, deren Amtssprache das Niederdeutsch ist, mit den bauerlichen Wanderungen und den Städtegründungen der Hansa im Osten—es sind ihrer 600—über die Ostsee bis Nordrussland aus. Verwunderlich ist, dass dieses Niederdeutsch in seiner politischen Blüte—und Kampfzeit nur geringen literarischen Niederschlag fand. Während in die Frühzeit dieser Sprache das gewaltige Heliandgedicht und wahrscheinlich auch die Urform der *Gudrun* fällt, während das Rechtsbuch *Eike von Repkows der Sachsenspiegel*, oft herrliche lyrische Stellen enthält, ist die Blütezeit der Hansa arm an dichterischen Schöpfungen. Volkslied und Volksballade sind stärker als die geringen Reste einer Kunstdichtung, die uns aus jener und der folgenden Zeit erhalten sind.

Das änderte sich plötzlich in der Mitte des letzten Jahrhunderts, als Klaus Groth seine Gedichtsammlung *Quickborn* veröffentlichte, als fast um die gleiche Zeit Fritz Reuter in Mecklenburgischen Platt den ersten seiner vielgelesenen Romane veröffentlichte und John Brinckmann die im reinsten und reichsten Plattdeutsch geschriebene Geschichte vom alten Seebären *Kasper Ohm* herausgab.

Wie im Alemannischen finden die drei Klassiker des Niederdeutschen zahlreiche Nachfolger. Ihre Schöpfungen reichen indes nicht an die Vorbilder heran, die Bewegung scheint wieder zu verflachen und zu versanden. Da tritt der Holsteiner Johann Hinrich Fehrs auf, der in einem grossartigen, prallen Niederdeutsch schreibt; er schafft im Roman *Maren* das nach meinem Gefühl grösste Bauernepos Norddeutschlands. Eine Reihe grosser Novellen und eine Sammlung lyrischer Gedichte ergänzen sein Werk. Kurz nach der Jahrhundertwende trat neben ihm der im Krieg gefallene Gorg Fock auf den Plan, mit ihm der Westfale Wagenfeldt, der uns ein grosses mythisches Gedicht 'Daud und Düwel' schenkt, und der Hamburger Hermann Claudius, der als Sozialist die Großstadt und den Kampf der Arbeiterschaft besingt.

Mit diesem Neubeginn niederdeutscher Dichtung um die Jahrhundertwende geht ein starke Selbstgefühl einher, das zu einer Erneuerung des alten niederdeutschen Volksspiels auf zahlreichen Bühnen führt.

In Fritz Stavenhagen, 1876 geboren, entsteht der Bewegung der Dramatiker; sein stärkstes Stück ist 'Mutter Mews'. Kurz nach ihm schuf Hermann Bosdorf den 'Fahrenkroog' und 'Bahnmeister Dod'. Viele neue Namen wie Behneke, Petersen u.a. schliessen sich ihm an.

Der Hauptcharakter der niederdeutschen Dichtung ist zunächst ähnlich wie bei der alemannischen in der schöpferischen Freude an der Pflege eigenen Wesens, in der künstlerischen Lust an der Ererben und in der Kindheit empfangene Sprachform und auch im Kampf um Erhaltung der Volkskräfte wie wir es schon im Alemannischen sahen. Die Bewegung findet aber auch grosse Dichter, die sich vom Zeitgeschehen losgelöst haben und die dem Horchen ins Innere und dem Aufbau ihrer Welt leben. Der jüngst verstorbene Robert Garbe gehörte zu ihnen, er hinterliess ein kaum überschaubares lyrisches Werk, das in seiner eigenwilligen Sprache wohl das Grösste darstellt, was das neue Jahrhundert in niederdeutscher Literatur zu sagen hatte.†

AUTUMN BOOKS

Next week's LISTENER will contain an eight-page Supplement with reviews of the newest Autumn Books by

G. N. CLARK, BONAMY DOBRÉE,

F. V. MORLEY, F. R. LEAVIS,

HUGH P. FAUSSET, HAMISH MILES

and others

*Literatur: O. v. Greyerz. *Die Mundartdichtung der deutschen Schweiz*, Verlag H. Haessel, Leipzig, und A. F. Raif, Badische Mundartdichtung, Verlag von Reuss und Ita, Konstanz. †Wer sich näher unterrichten will, lese die beiden Bände *Tausend Jahr Plattdeutsch*, herausgegeben von H. Quistorf und Prof. Barchling, Universität, Hamburg, und die im Verlag Calwey, München, erschienene *Anthologie Plattdeutscher Balladen und Lyrik*, die A. Jansen und Schräpel in vorzüglicher und übersichtlicher Weise auswählten und ordneten.